THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

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VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent sire addrest.

The scene still continues in the palace of Ulysses; but new persons are introduced to carry on the action, and diversify the story. This book opens with a repetition from the sixteenth; the ancients marked it with an asterism, without any obelisk, to shew that it was here inserted with propriety: as we draw nearer to the con-

Inſtant convey thoſe ſteely ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſoothe their fears a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Leſt they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd,
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt, and friendly bowl.

cluſion of the poem, the repetitions are more frequent. Virgil has generally avoided them, and indeed it may be obſerved, that theſe two poets differ in nothing more than the manner of their elocution: Virgil is full, but Homer even overflows; and this agrees with their general characters. Homer is like thoſe painters of whom Apelles uſed to complain, that they left nothing to be imagined by the ſpectator, and made too accurate repreſentations; but Virgil is like Timantes in Pliny. *Timanti plurimum adfuit ingenii, in omnibus operibus ejus intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur:* and again, *oſtendit etiam quæ occultat.*

Euſtathius obſerves, that the unexpected opportunity to remove the arms in the abſence of the ſuitors, occaſions this repetition; in the ſixteenth book Ulyſſes told Telemachus he would give a ſign when he ſhould make the removal, deſpairing of an opportunity to give a public direction, without danger from the ſuitors; he therefore wiſely lays hold of the preſent hour which happily favours his deſires, and injoins the arms to be removed immediately.

The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Euryclea thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapor of the ſmould'ring flame.
In happy hour, (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wiſe!
Inſpect with ſharpen'd ſight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd,) your toils to guide?
Without infringing hoſpitable right,
This gueſt (he cry'd) ſhall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repaſt;
They ſhare the meal that earn it ere they taſte.
He ſaid; from female ken ſhe ſtrait ſecures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his ſon, Ulyſſes bears
The plumy-creſted helms, and pointed ſpears
With ſhields indented deep in glorious wars.

v. 18. ——— *the female band*
In their apartments keep, etc.]
It is not without ſufficient reaſon that Telemachus diſtruſts the maids; many of them were in the intereſt of the ſuitors: it was therefore neceſſary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed, leſt they ſhould betray the ſecret. Euſtathius.

Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends:

ỳ. 38. *Minerva———with her golden lamp——*] The office here ascribed to Minerva gave great offence to Rapin, and he censured it as mean, and unworthy of the goddess; but Eustathius fully vindicates Homer; Pallas is here an allegorical deity, intended by the poet to express the wisdom of Ulysses; he acts with as much prudence as if Minerva herself guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this description, that Ulysses formed all the actions of this night with the utmost wisdom, or according to the Greek proverb, ἐν νυκτὶ βȣλὴ, the *counsels of this night* were regulated with the exactest prudence and secresy. Spondanus observes, that Callimachus, a statuary in Athens, made an image of Minerva according to this picture in Homer: She held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of such an unwasting nature, as not to want to be replenished in the space of a whole year. See *lib.* 1. of Pausanias. Dacier judges, that though a lamp was unknown in the days of Ulysses, yet it might not be so in the days of Homer, and therefore he might speak of it; for instance, the trumpet was not known in the Trojan war, yet Homer mentions it, because it was used in his age. But this is no answer; for Homer does not say that the trumpet was used during the siege of Troy; if he had, he would have been guilty of a gross anachronism, but he speaks of it by way of allusion, as a thing well known in his time. Here therefore the case is different, for Ulysses is the person who is supposed to make use of this lamp, and Dacier allows that it was unknown in his age, and consequently he ought not to use it at all. It may therefore perhaps be most probable, that Callimachus did not form his statue from this original; or if this be not allowed, that he fell into an error, and gave the goddess a lamp instead of a torch.

I will only further add, that this office of Minerva

Not ſuch the ſickly beams, which unſincere,
Gild the groſs vapor of this nether ſphere!
A preſent deity the prince confeſs'd,
And rap'd with ecſtacy the ſire addreſs'd.
What miracle thus dazzles with ſurprize!
Diſtinct in rows the radiant columns riſe:
The walls where-e'er my wond'ring ſight I turn,
And roofs, amidſt a blaze of glory burn!
Some viſitant of pure etherial race,
With his bright preſence deigns the dome to grace.

may be vindicated from all meanneſs, by obſerving that it is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the goddeſs here executes; ſhe improves it into a miracle; the whole palace is enlightened with a celeſtial fire, and Ulyſſes and Telemachus gather full aſſurances of her favour and ſucceſs from that miraculous illumination: this circumſtance raiſes the deſcription out of lowneſs into dignity.

ỳ. 48. *Some viſitant of pure etherial race.*] Euſtathius gives us a twofold explication of the words,

Αὐτή τοι δίκη ἐςὶ θεῶν--------

They imply either that the goddeſs Themis deſcended; or that it is the cuſtom of celeſtial powers to manifeſt themſelves in ſuch illuminations, without appearing viſibly. The latter interpretation ſeems moſt natural, and makes the conſtruction eaſy, whereas the other is ſcarce to be underſtood without ſupplying ἀπὸ before θεῶν: otherwiſe it muſt be allowed, that the former opinion is not unhappy: Ulyſſes tells his ſon, that the goddeſs of juſtice is ſent by the Gods to aſſiſt him in taking vengeance on the ſuitors: Themis is a very proper deity to be introduced upon ſuch an occaſion, and ſhews that Ulyſſes proceeded upon the ſtricteſt rules of equity, in the diſtribution of his rewards and puniſh-

Be calm, replies the ſire; to none impart,
But oft revolve the viſion in thy heart:
Celeſtials, mantled in exceſs of light,
Can viſit unapproach'd by mortal ſight.
Seek thou repoſe; whilſt here I ſole remain,
T'explore the conduct of the female train:
The penſive queen perchance deſires to know
The ſeries of my toils, to ſoothe her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obſequious youth aſcends:
Soft ſlumb'rous ſhades his drooping eye-lids cloſe,
'Till on her eaſtern throne Aurora glows.

Whilſt, forming plans of death, Ulyſſes ſtay'd,
In council ſecret with the martial maid;
Attendent nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, deſcending from her bow'r of ſtate.
Her cheeks the warmer bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.
An ivory ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:

ments. But the paſſage will not admit this ſenſe, it being evidently Pallas, not Themis, who appears.

v. 69. *By fam'd Icmalius wrought*——] Homer in both his poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artiſans of antiquity: I doubt not but moſt of them were his particular friends, and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewiſe learn the nature of the nobleſt pieces of art in Homer's days from his poetry.

With ivory ſilver'd thick the foot-ſtool ſhone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The ſovereign ſeat with graceful air ſhe preſs'd;
To different taſks their toil the nymphs addreſs'd:
The golden goblets ſome, and ſome reſtor'd
From ſtains of luxury the poliſh'd board:
Theſe to remove th' expiring embers came,
While thoſe with unctuous fir foment the flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of ſpleen:
Avaunt, ſhe cry'd, offenſive to my ſight!
Deem not in ambuſh here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an ev'ning-ſpy!
Vagrant, begone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge——and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.

Th' inſulted heroe rouls his wrathful eyes,
And, why, ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?

℣. 82. *Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry.*] This is the true reaſon why Melantho is out of humour (ſays madam Dacier:) ſhe had ſome affairs upon her hands, which demanded no witneſſes, meaning the vicious commerce between her and Eurymachus. Women never forgive their own ſex a frailty. Dacier is undoubtedly in an error; Eurymachus in the end of the laſt book left the palace, and therefore Melantho could not ſpeak out of any apprehenſions of having a ſtop put to her affairs this night, by the preſence of Ulyſſes.

In crowds we wear the badge of hungry fate,
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!
Conſtrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves, I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thy ſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of with'ring time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd Lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;

℣. 106. *Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care.*] It may be aſked why Telemachus is ſaid to owe the perſervation of his life to Apollo? Euſtathius anſwers, that he was called Ὁ θεὸς κουροτρόφος by antiquity; and that Daphne from being his favourite was named κουροθαλεία: But perhaps that epithet was appropriated to Apollo, becauſe all immature deaths in the male ſex were aſcribed to him, as they were to Diana in the female; it may therefore be ſaid with great propriety that it is owing to the favour of Apollo, that Telemachus had not died an immature death, or that he was arrived to manhood: Euſtathius adds, that Apollo, as he is the ſun, may be called the nouriſher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation; it is owing to his influence that every being comes to ma-

Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys;
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſov'reign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told,
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd with him to hold.
The ſtoried labours of my wand'ring Lord,
To ſoothe my grief, he haply may record:
Yet him, my gueſt, thy venom'd rage hath ſtung;
Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!

turity, and in this ſenſe likewiſe he may called κουροτρόφος. What Euſtathius aſcribes to Daphne, Dacier applies to Diana, and tells us, that ſhe was called Κουροθαλεία, and that the antients celebrated a feſtival in her honour for the health of their infants.

℣. 110. *Loquacious inſolent!*——] Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, *Thou bold impudent bitch;* θαρσαλέη κύον ἀδδεὲς. It is ſpoken by Penelope. In our age it is an expreſſion ſo vulgar, as not to be uttered in common converſation, much leſs in epic poetry: it is true, it fully expreſſes the height of impudence, and in Homer's time it was no more mean, than calling a coward a *deer*, and both the expreſſions are joined together in the firſt of the Iliad.

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.

It is there ſpoken by Achilles: and in another place of the Iliad Jupiter applies it to his wife, and calls Juno an impudent bitch: a plain indication that the expreſſion was not mean, as it is at this day, becauſe it was uſed by the greateſt of heroes, and the ſupreme of Gods.

℣. 116. *Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!*] The expreſſion in the Greek is remarkable.

But thou on whom my palace-cares depend,
Eurynome, regard the ſtranger friend:
A ſeat ſoft ſpread with furry ſpoils prepare,
Due-diſtant for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the heroe ſate;
When thus the ſov'reign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy natal land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far-reſounding fame,
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame:

——— u ---"Ο σῇ κεφαλῇ ἀναμάξεις.
L

which you ſhall wipe upon your own head, or as Euſtathius explains it, "a crime which you ſhall make to cleave "to your own head:" a ſimilar expreſſion (adds the ſame author) occurs in Sophocles.

————————κἀπὶ λουτροῖσιν κάρα
Κηλῖδας ἐξέμαξεν.

From whence it appears, that the blood that was found upon the ſword was wiped upon the head of the ſlain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceaſed, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable cuſtom, and there are many expreſſions like it in the ſcriptures; namely, *his blood be upon his own head.* It was cuſtomary amongſt the Romans to waſh their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood: thus the Roman governor waſhed his hands, and ſaid, *I am innocent of the blood of this juſt perſon.*

Con-

Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd:
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of ev'ry fin thy ſeas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confeſs;
And bleſs the pow'r that ſtill delights to bleſs.
Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breaſt to heave, theſe eyes to weep;
In ſweet oblivion let my ſorrow ſleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay cenſorious train, appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
  Their gifts the Gods reſum'd (the queen rejoin'd.)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind;

℣. 129. *Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway.*] Homer here gives an amiable picture of a mild and juſt government: it is a truth certain and univerſal, where the ſubject enjoys the fruits of his induſtry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the ſea will furniſh the land with plenty of fiſhes, and men will plant when they are ſure to gather the fruits. It is the conſtant obſervation of all travellers, that the worſt ſituation under an eaſy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the beſt ſoil and happieſt ſituation under an arbitrary power. This whole paſſage is very beautiful, and the more beautiful becauſe the words proceed from the mouth of a king.

When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raiſe
My drooping verdure, and extend my praiſe!
Peers from the diſtant Samian ſhore reſort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, beſiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady groves,
And Ithaca, preſumptuous boaſt their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond lord,
They preſs the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Miſ-rule thus mingling with domeſtic cares,
I live regardleſs of my ſtate-affairs:
Receive no ſtranger-gueſt, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in ſecret grieve!——
This art, inſtinct by ſome cœleſtial pow'r,
I try'd, eluſive of the bridal hour:
" Ye peers, I cry, who preſs to gain a heart,
" Where dead Ulyſſes claims no future part;
" Rebate your loves, each rival ſuit ſuſpend,
" 'Till this funereal web my labours end:
" Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
" A pall of ſtate, the ornament of death.
" For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
" With juſt reproach were licens'd to defame;
" Shou'd he, long honour'd in ſupreme command,
" Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;
The night ſtill ravell'd, what the day renew'd;

Three years ſucceſsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domeſtic ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurprize.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the brede.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores——
But ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race;
No poor un-father'd product of diſgrace.

Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch, whom fate conſtrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!——
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey;
Your ſovereign will my duty bids obey.

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninety cities crown the ſea-born iſle:

ỳ. 196. *etc. Crete*———] It is not without a good reaſon that Ulyſſes is ſo particular in the geography of Crete; he does it, that Penelope, from the knowlege of the truth which he ſpeaks concerning that iſland, may be induced to give the readier credit to his ſucceeding ficti-

ons. In the Iliad, Homer calls Crete ἑκατόμπολις, or the iſland with an hundred cities, *lib.* 2.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her ſons.

Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. Strabo is very full upon this difficulty, *lib.* 10. Ephorus (ſays that author) judges that ten cities were built by the Dorians after the Trojan war, under Althæmenes; and therefore Ulyſſes here mentions Crete as having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demoliſhed by the enemies of Idomeneus; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, Homer does not affirm that there were an hundred cities in the time of the war with Troy, but in his own age; for the poet in that place ſpeaks in his own perſon; if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the iſle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to this deſcription of Ulyſſes; it being very improbable, that ten of the Cretan cities ſhould be deſtroyed, either during the war, or after the return of Idomeneus; for Homer himſelf teſtifies that he returned ſafe to Crete with all his ſoldiers, *lib.* 3. of the Odyſſey.

And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſt the dreadful main.

And therefore he had ſufficient forces to defend his country: but though we allow that thoſe ten cities had been deſtroyed after his return, yet how could Ulyſſes come to the knowlege of it, having neither been in Crete, nor met with any Cretan to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable that in the time of the Trojan war Crete had no more than ninety cities, but an hundred in the days of Homer: and this fully reconciles the Iliad with the Odyſſey; in the Odyſſey it is Ulyſſes that ſpeaks, in the Iliad, Homer.

Virgil ſpeaks of Crete after the manner of Homer.

Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:

Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

The other ten cities were built by the Dorians (as Ephorus writes) under Althæmenes.

ỳ. 199. *In various tongues*———] The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of Crete were mixed with strangers who had settled in the island; or as some imagine (says Eustathius) Ulysses speaks thus out of fear, lest Penelope should discover him not to be a native of Crete from his wrong pronunciation of the language of the Cretans. We may gather from Strabo, that the Dorians inhabited the eastern parts, the Cydonians the western, the Eteo-Cretans the southern, and the rest of the nation, being most powerful, possest the plain country lying toward the north: the Eteo-Cretans, that is, the true Cretans, were the original inhabitants of the island, and probably also the Cydonians. There is some difficulty in the word τριχάϊκες. Andron the historian (continues Strabo) affirms, that the Dorians who lived near Parnassus planted a colony in Crete, and built three cities, and from thence called themselves τριχάϊκες, *quasi tripartiti*. But Strabo rejects this opinion of Andron, for these Dorians possessed four cities, and their country was called τετράπολις; he therefore believes them to have taken that name from a triple crest, or from having them adorned with hair after the manner of a plumage, from τρίχες signifying *hair*. But perhaps Strabo is in a mistake; for Thucydides, *lib.* 1. *p.* 107. and Diodorus, *lib.* 11. *pag.* 60. confirm the opinion of Andron. The words of Strabo have given great trouble to the com-

The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd, in council to confer.

mentators, and they ingeniously confess they cannot understand them. The expression is τριχὶνους λοφους ἑφαμὶλους: the difficulty lies in ἑφαμὶλους; but if we read the sentence thus, all will be plain, τριχὶνους λόφους, ἢ ἑφαμὶλλους, that is, crests adorned with hair, or something like it, from ἑφάμιλλος, *æqualis*. Dacier.

℣. 206.————*Each ninth revolving year*, etc.] This Minos, king of Crete, was an excellent lawgiver; and as Ephorus writes, (says Strabo) to give his laws the greater veneration he used to descend into a cave sacred to Jupiter, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that deity; this is the reason why Homer tells us he conversed with Jupiter. Thus also Numa Pompilius boasted of the same favour from Ægeria, to make his decrees to be received by the Romans. The only difficulty is in the word ἐννέωρος; and it has been generally believed to imply, that Minos continued in the cave of Jupiter nine whole years; but Casaubon remarks, that it never signifies nine years, but every ninth year; as τριταῖος does not mean three days, but the third day: and this agrees exactly with the history of Minos, (see *Valerius Maximus*, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 2.) who was accustomed to review and rectify all his laws every ninth year. Plato quotes this passage in his piece, entitled Minos, and puts this last observation beyond all dispute: "Homer tells us (says "that author) that Minos conversed with Jupiter every ninth year, ἐνάτῳ ἔτει, and went to be in"structed by him as a scholar by a master;" and a lit-

His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!

tle lower he adds, ἐφοίτα δὲ ἐνάτῳ ἔτει εἰς ἄντρον Διὸς ὁ Μίνως, *etc.* that is, "he went in-"to the cave of Jupiter, to learn new laws, or to re-"form the old which he had received in the former pe-"riod," τῇ προτέρᾳ ἐννεαετηρίδι. This Minos was the moſt juſt of all mankind, and for this reaſon was ſuppoſed to be made one of the infernal judges. Plutarch in the life of Demetrius makes a fine remark upon this deſcription of Minos; "Homer (ſays he) "has not honoured with the glorious title of the diſ-"ciple of Jupiter, the greateſt warrior or oppreſſor, "or a renowned tyrant; but the man famous for his "juſtice and probity, a legiſlator, and a benefactor to "mankind. Dacier.

℣. 207. *By Jove receiv'd, in council to confer.*] The word in the Greek is ὀαριστής, and Plato fully explains it in his Minos; ὄαροι is the diſcourſe, ὀαριστής the perſon who diſcourſes; ὁ συνουσιαστὴς ἐν λόγοις: others (continues Plato) underſtand it to ſignify the gueſt of Jupiter, συμπότην, συμπαιστὴν, a perſon that was admitted to the table of Jupiter, or a partaker in his diverſions; but the falſity of this opinion (adds he) will ſufficiently appear, if we remember, that of all the Greeks, the Cretans, and Lacedæmonians who learned it from them, alone abſtain from compotations, and diverſions ariſing from them; and in particular this is one of the laws of Minos enacted in Crete, μὴ συμπίνειν ἀλλήλοις εἰς μεθὴν, commanding the Cretans not to drink in their entertainments to exceſs. Thus far Dacier; to which I ſhall add that this remark of Plato may perhaps contribute greatly to the glory of Minos, but gives little honour to Jupiter; it inſinuates that a perſon who drinks with that deity, might endanger his ſobriety; otherwiſe to be admitted to the table of Jupiter is an inſtance of favour and familiarity, and

The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of my peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's guſty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.
His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The heroe ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd.

would have been an honour to Minos. Horace is of this opinion, for ſpeaking of Tantalus, *lib.* 1. *Carm.* he mentions as a peculiar teſtimony of favour;

Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum.

That is, according to Homer's expreſſion, θεῶν συνεστιαςῆς συμπότης.

ỳ. 218. *To bright Lucina's fane*———] Strabo informs us, that upon the Amniſſus there is a cave ſacred to Ilythia, or Lucina, who preſides over childbirth. The reaſon given by Euſtathius why the poet places the cave by that river is too frivolous to be recited: it is probable that it was called the cave of Ilithya, becauſe ſome great lady had made uſe of it, upon an occaſion in which women invoke the aſſiſtance of that goddeſs; or perhaps becauſe water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of Lucina could not be placed in a more proper ſituation, than upon the banks of a river, and cloſe by the ſea. Dacier.

Vain hope! ten sons had warm'd the western strand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,
A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.
　Thus the fam'd heroe, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles

℣. 228. *Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign. A public treat*———] It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almost impossible that one person should entertain Ulysses and his whole fleet, which consisted of twelve vessels. This passage therefore gives us a remarkable custom of antiquity, which was, that when any person with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the prince received the chief personage and his particular friends, and the rest were entertained at the public expence. Dacier.

℣. 235. *With fair similitude of truth beguiles.*] The word in the Greek is ἴσκεν, which has been usually interpreted to be the same with ἔλεγε; but those that speak with more exactness derive it from ἤισκε, εἴκαζεν, ἀπεικονίζων πρὸς ἀλήθειαν, that is, he accommodated and adapted his fictions to probability or truth; and Hesychius explains the same word by εἰκάζω, ὁμοιῶ: Horace almost literally translates this verse.

The queen's attentive ear: diſſolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears ur.. ·nded flow.
As ſnows collected on the mountain freeze;
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,

Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcit,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepat imum.

And indeed in this line the whole art of an epic poem is comprehended, which is a mixture of truths and fictions, but fictions conformable to verity; or to ſpeak in the language of a critic, the fable of the epic poem ſhould be both probable and marvellous; aſtoniſhing, yet credible: if it be only credible, it differs in nothing from hiſtory; if only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great ſecret therefore of an epic writer is to produce in the reader's mind at the ſame time both belief and aſtoniſhment, and this is here performed by Ulyſſes. Dacier ſur l' Ariſtote.

ỳ. 238. *As ſnows collected,* etc.] It is not eaſy to take the point of this ſimile. Monſ. Perault grievouſly miſtakes it: "The deſcription (ſays he) which Ho-" gives us of the ſorrow of Penelope is very unaccoun-" table; her body *melted* like ſnow upon an high " mountain, when the eaſt wind *melts* it, and the ſnow " thus *melted* fills the rivers; thus it was that the fair " cheeks of Penelope *melted*. This, ſays Perault, is " tranſlated word for word." But in reality it reſembles Homer in nothing but the repetition of the word *melted,* or τήκετο, which in modern languages is burdenſome to the ear, but not in the Greek; for the word differs from itſelf according to its different formation, almoſt as much as a new one, and gives a very diſtant ſound; for inſtance, τήκετο, τηκομένης, κατέτηξεν: Whereas there is almoſt an identity of ſound in *melt, melted,* or *melting;* or in the French, *liquifie, liquifiee, liquifioient.* Neither has Perault entered into

The fleecy pile obeys the whiſp'ring gales,
Ends in a ſtream, and murmurs thro' the vales:
So, melted with the pleaſing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her preſent lord laments him loſt,
And views that object which ſhe wants the moſt!
With'ring at heart to ſee the weeping fair,
His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;

the ſenſe of the compariſon: τήκετο χρώς is only a figurative hyperbole, as when we ſay a perſon is *conſumed* or *waſted* with grief; or perhaps τήκω ſignifies no more than *humecto*, as τακερὸς *humidus*. In reality it is the quantity of tears that is intended to be repreſented, and the ſimile is thus to be underſtood: the ſnows, heaped upon the mountains by the cold weſt wind, are the ſorrows accumulated in the ſoul of Penelope; the warm eaſtern wind, which diſſolves theſe ſnows, is the recital of Ulyſſes, which melts thoſe ſorrows into tears and makes them flow. When Agamemnon weeps, in the ninth of the Iliad, his tears are compared to a fountain of water falling from a rock; but women being more profuſe of tears, thoſe of Penelope are here compared to a river.

℣. 244. *She to her preſent Lord laments him loſt.*] Dacier obſerves that this is added by Homer not for our information, for we already know it; but becauſe it is a reflection which muſt neceſſarily occur to every reader: it is a thing extraordinary to lament a perſon preſent, as if he were abſolutely loſt; and we reap a double ſatisfaction from the relation, by obſerving the behaviour of Penelope towards Ulyſſes, and of Ulyſſes towards Penelope; while he is at the ſame time in one ſenſe both abſent and preſent.

℣. 247. *His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare,*] There is a beautiful contraſt between Ulyſſes and Pene-

Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either ſphere;
Firm wiſdom interdicts the ſoft'ning tear.
A ſpeechleſs interval of grief enſues,
'Till thus the queen the tender theme renews.

lope; Penelope indulges her paſſion for Ulyſſes, Ulyſſes reſtrains his for Penelope: the picture of Ulyſſes is drawn to the life; he is aſſaulted at once with ſeveral paſſions, aſtoniſhment and admiration on the one ſide, and compaſſion and a deſire to comfort Penelope on the other; theſe paſſions being in an equal balance, and exerting an equal force, he remains fixed, like a wave driven by contrary winds, and yields to neither of their impulſes; it is thus Ulyſſes continues in a ſteady admiration, as if he had loſt all thought. This paſſage is too beautiful not to have been explained by the antients: Plutarch quotes it as an inſtance of the command a wiſe man ought to have over his paſſions. "Ulyſſes who was "the moſt eloquent yet was the moſt ſilent of men, all "his faculties were obedient, and ſubject to reaſon, he "commanded his eye not to weep, his tongue not to "ſpeak, and his very heart not to pant or tremble: his "reaſon influenced even his inward motions, and ſub-"dued the very blood and vital ſpirit." And in his treatiſe of Moral Virtues, he again quotes theſe verſes: "Ulyſſes had compleatly ſubjected all his faculties to "right reaſon, and he held even his ſpirits, his blood, "and his tears under the government of his judgment." Virgil paints Dido in the infernal ſhades almoſt in the ſame colours with Ulyſſes:

Illa ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat,
Nec magis incepto vultum ſermone movetur
Quam ſi dura ſilex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes.

℣. 248. *Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear.*] Euſtathius informs us, that Homer applied this image of horny

Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive——In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd

horny, or κερατοειδὲς, to the eye, because one of the coats of it is said to be of an *horny* substance; but this is merely fanciful: if another tunic of the eye had been *steely*, there might have been some ground for the allusion; for Homer joins both of them in the illustration, and only meant to represent the stedfastness of the eye of Ulysses, in this affecting interview.

℣. 262, etc. *A robe of military purple*, etc.] This is a remarkable passage, and gives us an exact description of the habit of a king in the days of Homer, or perhaps still earlier in the days of Ulysses. Purple seems antiently to have been appropriated to kings, and to them on whom they bestowed it; thus Judges viii. 26. the sacred historian mentions purple rayment that was on the kings of Midian. Thus Esther viii. 15. a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite by king Ahasuerus; and 1 Maccabees xliii. the Jews made a decree, that Simon should wear purple and gold, and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold without his permission, in token that he was the chief magistrate of the Jews; thus also Mac. x. 89. Alexander sent Jonathan a buckle of gold, as the use is to be given to such as are of the king's blood. Ulysses is here drest much after the same manner, he wears purple and a buckle or clasp of gold, as a sign of his regi-

O'er all his frame: illuſtrious on his breaſt,
The double-claſping gold the king confeſt.
In the rich woof a hound Moſaic drawn
Bore on full ſtretch, and ſeiz'd a dappled fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and ſtruggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it ſhon
A veſt, that dazzled like a cloudleſs ſun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In ſilent wonder ſigh'd unwilling praiſe.
A ſabre, when the warrior preſs'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant veſt,
Dimenſion'd equal to his ſize, expreſt
Affection grateful to my honour'd gueſt.

lity. But what I would chiefly obſerve is, that the art of embroidery was known in theſe early ages, nay perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day; the embroidery was of divers colours, as we may gather from the epithet applied to the fawn, ποικίλον. Some perſons indeed tell us, that this was inwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom; but the words of Homer will admit of the other interpretation, and it is evident that embroidery was known amongſt the orientals in the age of Ulyſſes, from Judges v. 20. *Have they not ſped? have they not divided the prey, to Siſera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both ſides, meet for the necks of them that take the ſpoil?* Here is evidently mention made of embroidery, and perhaps ſuch was this robe of Ulyſſes; but however this be, it is manifeſt that all manner of creatures were figured upon

A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,
His viſage ſolemn ſad, of ſable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-ſhoulder ſpread:
Eurybates! in whoſe large ſoul alone
Ulyſſes view'd an image of his own.
  His ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtor'd;
In all he told ſhe recogniſ'd her lord:
But when the ſtorm was ſpent in plenteous ſhow'rs,
A pauſe inſpiriting her languiſh'd pow'rs,
O thou, ſhe cry'd, whom firſt inclement fate
Made welcome to my hoſpitable gate;

the habit of great perſonages, and that thoſe creatures were inwrought ſo naturally as to ſeem to be alive.

℣. 275. ——— *radiant veſt.*
Dimenſion'd equal to his ſize———] It may be aſked, what is the meaning of the *τερμιόεντα χιτῶνα* here mentioned by Ulyſſes? Euſtathius explains it by *σύμμετρον*, that is, neither too long nor too ſhort, too wide or too ſcanty, but exactly correſponding to the make of the body. Heſiod uſes the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe; and Heſychius interprets it in the ſame manner, *Ἔυμιτον, καὶ μέχρι τῶν ποδῶν τερματιζόμενον.* Dacier.

℣. 278. *A fav'rite herald*———] This is very artful in Ulyſſes: Penelope had aſked what kind of perſon her huſband was; Ulyſſes fears to give a deſcription of himſelf, leſt by drawing the copy like the original now before the eyes of Penelope, ſhe ſhould diſcover him to be Ulyſſes: he therefore diverts the enquiry, yet at the ſame time ſatisfies her curioſity, by adding a new circumſtance to confirm his veracity, by deſcribing his attendant and herald Eurybates. Dacier.

With all thy wants the name of poor ſhall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domeſtic friend!
The veſt much envy'd on your native coaſt,
And regal robe with ſigur'd gold emboſt,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this bliſful bow'r enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy erroneous and ſorlorn
Doom'd to ſurvive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care,
Breathes in no diſtant clime the vital air:
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,

And rode the ſtorm; 'till by the billows toſt,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coaſt.
That race, who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their bleſt abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready ſail command,
To ſpeed his voyage to the Grecian ſtrand.
But your wiſe lord, (in whoſe capacious ſoul
High ſchemes of pow'r in juſt ſucceſſion roul,)
His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whoſe ſovereign ſway
Theſprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the gods this added truth atteſt,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feaſt)
That anchor'd in his port the veſſels ſtand,
To waſt the heroe to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way,
But firſt the Ulyſſean wealth ſurvey:

℣. 327. *His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,*
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.] Ulyſſes amaſſed great riches by being driven from country to country: every prince where he arrived made him great preſents, according to the laudable cuſtoms of hoſpitality in former ages. The word in the Greek (obſerves Dacier) is ἀγυρτάζειν; it is borrowed from beggars, who ſtrolling from place to place get their livelihood; and hence it was made uſe of ſimply to amaſs, or make collections. Heſychius explains it by συλλέγει, πολίζει, ἐγείρει, in which words there are two errors, and it is manifeſt they are corrupted: Monſieur le Fevre reads πτωχίζει, ἀγείρει; Dacier.

So rich the value of a ſtore ſo vaſt
Demands the pomp of centuries to waſte!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the ſure precept of the ſylvan ſhrine,
To form the conduct of his great deſign:
Irreſolute of ſoul, his ſtate to ſhrowd
In dark diſguiſe, or come, a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the ſource of good, ſupreme in pow'r!
By the bleſt genius of this friendly bow'r!
I ratifie my ſpeech; before the ſun
His annual longitude of heav'n ſhall run;
When the pale empreſs of yon' ſtarry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulyſſes will aſſert his rightful reign.
  What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time ſhall prove the ſtoried bleſſing true:

We may obſerve that Ulyſſes gives himſelf great commendations through this whole interview; he calls himſelf δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, and ſays, that there were few men in the world like him; that he was θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος, or like the gods: this is not a ſign of vanity or oſtentation, ſince Ulyſſes ſpeaks in the character of a ſtranger: he muſt therefore ſpeak in the ſame manner as a ſtranger would have ſpoke; that is, with honour of Ulyſſes, to ingratiate himſelf with Penelope. Beſides, this conduct conduces to perſuade Penelope, that he is the perſon he pretends to be, and by the conſequence contributes to prevent a diſcovery.

My lord's return ſhou'd fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! preſage,
The wounds of Deſtiny's relentleſs rage
I long muſt weep! nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!——
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare;
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,

℣. 363. *Now waſh the ſtranger*, etc.] This was one of the firſt rites of hoſpitality obſerved towards ſtrangers, amongſt the antients. The ſcriptures abound with inſtances of it: Abraham offers water to waſh the feet of the angels whom he miſtook for ſtrangers, *etc.* There was alſo a bath for the ſtranger, but this ſeems to have been a greater honour (as Dacier obſerves) than that of waſhing the feet; this may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed; the daughters of the family, even young princeſſes, aſſiſted at the bath; but the waſhing the feet was an office commited to ſervants: thus the daughter of Neſtor in the third Odyſſey bathed Telemachus, but Ulyſſes being diſguiſed like a beggar, Euryclea waſhes his feet. This agrees exactly with another paſſage of ſcripture; when David ſent to aſk Abigail to wife, 1 Sam. xxv. 41. ſhe made anſwer, *Let thine handmaid be a ſervant to waſh the feet of the ſervants of my lord.* My memory fails me, if there be any other paſſage, either in the Iliad or Odyſſey, where this practice of waſhing the feet is directly mentioned; the reaſon is, this was an office performed only to inferior perſons; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both Homer's poems are filled with the characters of ſuch perſonages, and therefore there was

His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bow'r. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours, with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curſe purſues;

no room to mention it in other places: it is true, the word here is ἀπονίψατε, and does not neceſſarily imply the waſhing of the feet, but waſhing in general: yet here it is to be underſtood of the feet, for Euryclea in the act of waſhing them diſcovers this ſtranger to be Ulyſſes.

℣. 376. ——— *A narrow ſpace*
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race.] The ſenſe is here cut ſhort, and Homer, like a good painter, leaves ſomething to be ſupplied by the reader's imagination. Life is ſhort, (ſays Penelope) we ought therefore to employ it in doing good. The motive indeed which ſhe uſes, is not entirely conformable to true theology; ſhe here propoſes glory as the ſole aim of doing virtuous actions; though in other places Homer plainly aſſerts, that we ought to act with piety to pleaſe the gods. Dacier.

By death dis-rob'd of all their savage pow'rs,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extol the patron-name.

Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd, and obstinate in woe,
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
I chose, the livery of a woful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wand'rer wou'd disdain;
But if, in tract of long experience try'd,
And sad similitude of woes ally'd,

ỿ. 399. *But if, in tract of long experience*, etc.] I will have an old woman to wash me (says Ulysses.) The reason of this request is not evident at first view; but Eustathius explains it by shewing that Ulysses acts thus to avoid the insults and contempt of the younger damsels of Penelope, who had sufficiently outraged him in this and the preceeding book; they would think themselves degraded by performing such an office to a beggar. Eustathius remarks, that some antient critics rejected three verses here: It is absurd, say they, that Ulysses should chuse Euryclea for this office, who was the

Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,

only person who could discover him, and ruin his designs; he knew she was acquainted with the wound that afterwards discovers him: but the truth is, Ulysses knew Euryclea to be a person of wisdom, and he was in hopes to draw her over to his interest, and make use of her in his affairs in the future parts of the Odyssey; and this he does upon many important occasions, in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the suitors; so that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to their partizans abroad: here therefore he artfully brings it about, that Euryclea should be assigned to this office, not only to avoid the insults of the other females, but to make use of her faithfulness and wisdom to carry on his designs, and make the way more easy to the suitors destruction. The choice therefore was prudent; she was aged, and acquainted with human miseries, not only by reason of her age, but had herself suffered in all the afflictions of Penelope and Telemachus: we find she is described as a mother to the whole family, and she all along adopts the afflictions of it: Eustathius therefore may perhaps be mistaken when he asserts this to be an instance of ill counsels crowned with good success. But then it may be asked, if Euryclea was a person of such wisdom and fidelity, why does not Ulysses trust her with the secret of his return? the reason is plain, it would not only have been contrary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency, to trust himself to Euryclea, and not to Penelope; this would in some measure have raised the character of the servant, above that of his wife and queen. Part of this note I am indebted for to M. Dacier.

In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bow'r
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd:
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd,
Of ſtrength ſuperior to the toil aſſign'd.——
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow.
  Inſtant obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies.

℣. 423. *She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes.*] Dacier obſerves that Ariſtotle in his third book of Rhetoric quotes this action of Euryclea as an inſtance of a paralogiſm familiar to Homer; and again in his Poetics, he cites it to the ſame purpoſe: a paralogiſm conſiſts in making uſe of falſe reaſoning, and drawing a falſe conſequence from true premiſſes: "All men, ſays "Ariſtotle, are naturally perſuaded that where ſuch a "thing is, or is done, ſuch another muſt happen; we "may therefore make them eaſily believe that if the laſt "is, the firſt muſt conſequently be; but in reality, the "latter which we lay down as truth being often falſe,

Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:

" the former is ſo more frequently; for it does not fol-" low, that becauſe one thing is, another muſt neceſſa-" rily be; but becauſe we are perſuaded of the truth " of the latter, we conclude falſly, that the former is al-" ſo true." The reader will enter into the meaning of Ariſtotle, and underſtand what a paralogiſm is, by an example of it: for inſtance, if we were to prove a man to be in love, we bring it as an argument that he is pale: now this is a falſe reaſoning or paralogiſm, becauſe a perſon may be pale from other reaſons than love. Thus in the inſtance of Euryclea, " Homer (ſays Ari-" ſtotle) impoſes upon his reader, by mentioning a " ſign that is known, to draw a conſequence from it, " to prove a thing that is not known;" that is, Homer endeavours to prove that the whole ſtory concerning Euryclea is true, and that ſhe really hid her eyes when ſhe wept, becauſe this is a conſequence of paſſion, and becauſe it is natural for perſons to conceal their eyes with their hands while they weep. This alſo is a paralogiſm, for every ſyllable concerning Euryclea may be a fiction of the poet, though ſuch a geſture is natural to a perſon in her circumſtances; the impoſition conſiſts in this, namely, in the art of the poet in endeavouring to deceive us into a belief, that becauſe perſons when they weep conceal their eyes, therefore it is true that Euryclea thus actually wept; the latter may be evidently falſe, though the former be true: Ariſtotle brings this practice of Homer as an example to all poets how to tell lies as they ought, or agreeably.

ỳ. 434.

There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
His God forgets him on a foreign coast!——
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride!
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;

V. 434. ——*The pious vows are lost;*
His God forgets him————]

Euryclea we see is astonished to find that a person who is remarkable for his piety should be unfortunate; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of virtue, and a trial, not a punishment. Maximus Tyrius, the Platonic, 22. *dissert.* excellently explains this subject: "Who (says that author) can "deny Ulysses to be a man of piety? Jupiter remem-"bers him, Minerva loves him, Mercury guides him, "Calypso is enamoured with him, and Leucothea saves "his life! Who then can deny but that heaven tried "him with all his afflictions, that he might appear to "be, and deserve to be, called a good man? this is the "reason why he suffered at Troy, from the suitors, by "the Cyclops, by Circe, and by shipwreck: this is the "reason why he wandered as a vagabond, and a beg-"gar; that he was half naked, that he was struck and "insulted, and suffered a thousand insolencies from the "riots of the suitors: it was the favour and love of "heaven that brought him into all these afflictions, and "not the anger of Neptune." When a good man suffers, heaven frequently chuses him out as an heroe, who knows how to behave bravely in the day of adversity, and this is agreeable to true Theology.

My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcover'd thro' the dark diſguiſe,
With cool compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid: repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtrait with buſy care ſhe brings:
In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Mean-time revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd;

℣. 444. *In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt*, etc.] Homer continually draws his reflections from the preſent object: Penelope, at the ſight of this diſtreſſed and ill-clothed ſtranger, breaks out into a tender ſentiment, and cries, "Perhaps my Ulyſſes is ſuch as he!" for thus Euſtathius applies the expreſſion, οὐ τοιοῦτος ἦν φύσει ἀλλὰ διὰ κάκωσιν; that is, "he was not ſuch by "nature, but misfortune;" But if we underſtand it of a bodily reſemblance, the ſentiment is ſtill beautiful, and the reader cannot without pleaſure ſee Penelope deceived in comparing Ulyſſes with Ulyſſes. Dacier.

℣. 447. ——*the chief replies.*] This is very artful in Ulyſſes: if he had denied the reſemblance, it might have given ſuſpicion; he therefore confeſſes it, and by confeſſing it perſuades Euryclea that he is not the real Ulyſſes. Dacier.

His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious, in th' obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.

℣. 457. *His face averting from the crackling blaze.*] The reaſon why Ulyſſes turns toward the darkneſs is to avoid diſcovery, and that Euryclea might not examine him too curiouſly: but this is not the whole deſign of Homer; the poet thus deſcribes Ulyſſes to give probability to the future ſtory; for as Euſtathius judiciouſly remarks, it is from this action alone that the fainting of Euryclea, her laying her hand on the chin of Ulyſſes, his ſeiſure of her throat to hinder her from diſcovering him, eſcape the notice of Penelope; Ulyſſes is ſeated out of view, and withdrawn from obſervation. Dacier.

℣. 461. *Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find The ſcar*———]
This ſtory, concerning the wound of Ulyſſes, may, I fear, in ſome parts of it, ſeem ſomewhat tedious; it may therefore be neceſſary to ſhew that it is introduced with judgment; and though not entirely entertaining, yet artful.

Ariſtotle in the eighth *Chap.* of his Poetics, ſpeaking of the unity of the action of the Odyſſey, mentions this wound of Ulyſſes. Homer, ſays he, who excelled other poets in all reſpects, ſeems perfectly to have known this defect, (*viz.* that all the actions of an heroe do not conſtitute the unity of the action, but only ſuch as are capable to be united with the fable;) for in compoſing his Odyſſey, he has not mentioned all the adventures of Ulyſſes: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon Parnaſſus with the account of his feigned madneſs, when the Greeks aſſembled their army; for

This on Parnaſſus combating the boar,
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſylvan chace,

becauſe one of them happened, it was neither neceſſary nor probable that the other ſhould alſo happen; but he has inſerted all that could have reſpect to one and the ſame action. Monſieur Dacier fully explains Ariſtotle; we have in this precept (obſerves that author) two remarkable events in the life of Ulyſſes; his feigned madneſs, and his wound received upon Parnaſſus: the poet mentions the wound, but is ſilent about his madneſs: he ſaw that the latter had no connexion either in truth or probability with the ſubject of his poem, and therefore he ſays not a word of it: he has acted otherwiſe with reſpect to the wound received upon Parnaſſus; for although that wound was no more to the matter of his poem, than the madneſs, yet he ſpeaks of it, becauſe he found an opportunity of inſerting it ſo naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a neceſſary part of it, ſince it cauſes a remembrance of his heroe, that is, ſince it is the occaſion of Euryclea's diſcovering Ulyſſes; ſo that this hiſtory which is here related at length is no foreign epiſode, but a natural part of the ſubject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a poet uſes to form one and the ſame action ought to be; namely, either neceſſary or probable conſequences of one another, as the remembrance of Ulyſſes was of this wound: every adventure then that has not this connexion ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore Homer took care not to interrupt the unity of his Odyſſey, by the epiſode of the feigned madneſs of Ulyſſes; for that incident could not be produced by any that were neceſſary or proper to the poem, nor produce any that had the leaſt relation to it.

Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith, and deeds of martial fame:

Boſſu fully agrees with Ariſtotle and Dacier, and gathers from this epiſode that ſome incidents which make not directly any part of the action or the fable may be inſerted into a poem, if thoſe incidents are neceſſary to clear up any part of the fable or action.

This *remembrance*, or diſcovery by the wound, is mentioned in another place; ſee the twenty-firſt Odyſſey. Ariſtotle in his ſeventeenth *chap.* of the Poetics prefers this remembrance to that there made to Eumæus; it is (obſerves that author) here managed with more addreſs and art; it is done without deſign, and ſeems a conſequence of the ſtory: there Ulyſſes himſelf diſcovers the wound; here it ariſes from the ſubject, and a ſeries of incidents: there Ulyſſes has recourſe to it, and it cauſes no ſurprize, becauſe there is no great art in ſhewing a mark, which we are willing to have known. All remembrances therefore (ſays Ariſtotle) which produce their effects by deſign have little ingenuity: whereas thoſe which are brought about by chance, ſurprize us, and are inſtances of the poet's art and addreſs.

℣. 457. *Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name*
For ſpotleſs faith———]

This difficult paſſage is well explained by Dacier and Euſtathius: the words are

——— ὃς ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
Κλεπτοσύνῃ θ' ὅρκῳ τε ———

which literally run thus, "he ſurpaſſed all men in ſwearing and ſtealing:" a terrible character! if it were to be underſtood according to the letter: it has been imagined, that Homer commends Autolycus for his addreſs in robbery, and making equivocal oaths; like the perſon (ſays Euſtathius) who made a truce with his enemies for ſeveral days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended, it, by

Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)

telling them that the truce was not made for the night but the day: or like the person mentioned by Athenæus, who stole a fish, and gave it to his neighbour, and being questioned about it swore, that he had it not himself, nor saw any other person steal it: but this is not the meaning of Homer, for he calls Autolycus ἐσθλὸς or a *good man*, and adds that this κλεπτοσύνη καὶ ὅρκος, was the gift of a god. The truth is, the former word does not here signify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former signifies a laudable address in concealing our own designs, and discovering those of our enemies; it consists in surprising them, when they least expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their provisions, and in short in all manner of stratagems, authorized by the laws of war: ὅρκος signifies fidelity in observing an oath, and never violating the sanctity of it. Plato in his first book de Repub. makes it plain, that this is the sense of Homer: he there quotes this passage, and asserts that he is the best guardian of an army who knows how to steal the counsels and enterprises of the enemy, τὰ τῶν πολεμίων κλέψαι βελεύματα, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας πράξεις; from this, it is there inferred, that justice is a kind of chicanery (κλεπτική τις ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ φίλων, καὶ βλάβῃ τῶν ἐχθρῶν) by which we serve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but the answer there given to this assertion is, ὐ μὰ τὸν Δία, or, by no means: it must be understood with some restriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war, but in common life criminal. The qualities therefore that Homer commends in Autolycus, are his dexterity in discovering, penetrating and preventing the designs of his enemies, and the religious observance of his oaths, and not theft and perjury: Eustathius explains Homer by adding κλεπτοσύνην ὐ κακὴν, ὅρκον ὐ φαῦλον.

℣. 469. *Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd.*]

His courſe to Ithaca this heroe ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſclos'd to birth: the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
" Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
" And name the bleſſing that your pray'rs have won.

The reaſon why Homer attributes theſe gifts to Mercury is, becauſe he was the preſident of ſecrecy, or of all things that are acted with a deſire of concealment. He is alſo the God of ſpeech, it therefore appertained to that deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the precedent of ſpeaking. Dacier.

ỳ. 476. " *Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;* etc.] We have here an antient cuſtom obſerved by the Greeks: the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees, as a token that a grandchild was the moſt agreeable preſent that a ſon could make to a father. That this was an antient cuſtom is evident from the Iliad.

——στυγερὰς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' Ἐρινῦς
Μήποτε γούνασιν οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν
Ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα——

That is, the father of Phœnix imprecated the Furies, that Phœnix might never have a ſon to place upon his grandfather's knees.

It has been already remarked that it was cuſtomary in Greece for the parents to name the child; here the grandfather names Ulyſſes: but this is done by permiſſion of the parents; for Autolycus bids them give the name.

Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς θυγάτηρ τε τίθεσθ' ὄνομ'.——

Ulyſſes was called Ὀδυσσεὺς, from Ὀδύσσω, Iraſcor; implying (ſays Euſtathius) that many hated, or were

Then thus the hoary chief. "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!
"And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
"To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
"With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home.
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her antient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flow'ry ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
'Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumb'rous ſhade oppreſt,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.
Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;

* Autolycus.

enraged at, Autolycus; for the miſchiefs he had done by his art in war, ἐκ τοῦ μίσους διὰ κλεπτοσύνην; that is in other words, Autolycus called Ulyſſes Ὀδυσσεὺς from the terror he had been to his enemies.

Ulysses, and his brave maternal race
The young Autolyci, assay the chace.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What time the sun, from Ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce assail:
And foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouze the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thund'rous show'r,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow'r,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rous'd by the hounds and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy founder flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw:
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd the knee to goar;
Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;

To the right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd,
His further flank with ſtreaming purple dy'd:
On earth he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vaſt ſurprize, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulyſſes' knee they bound;
Then chaunting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure courſe.

℣. 536. *Then chaunting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound*
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force.] This is a remarkable inſtance of the antiquity of that idle ſuperſtition of curing wounds by incantation or charms: yet Homer is no way blameable for mentioning it; he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which whether true or falſe vindicates him as a poet. Indeed almoſt all other poets have ſpoken more boldly than Homer of the power of incantations; thus Virgil,

Carmina vel cœlo poſſunt deducere lunam,
Carminibus Circe ſocios mutavit Ulyſſei,
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.

But we may defend Homer from Pliny, who has thought this point, *viz.* whether charms are available phyſically, worthy of a ſerious diſcuſſion; he refers to this paſſage in his natural Hiſtory, *lib.* 28. *cap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium ſanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyſſem inhibuiſſe carmine, Theophraſtus, Iſchiadicos ſanari, Cato prodidit Luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, Varro Podagris.* Attalus affirms, that if a man chance to ſpy a ſcorpion, and pronounce the word *duo*, it will lie ſtill, and never ſhoot his ſting. I think theſe grave authors outdo even the fictions of poets; and I hardly believe that any of them would have ventured to provoke a

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure: and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.

serpent, trusting to the charm. But we are to underſtand this charm not merely as a form of words, but as joined with muſical notes, and then it may appear more rational: for the cure of the Sciatica, Theophraſtus commends the Phrygian muſic, and A. Gellius for giving eaſe to it; but adds, *ut memoriæ proditum eſt*. Apollonius in his book de Miris, affirms from Theophraſtus, that muſic cures many diſeaſes both of mind and body, *καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβȣς, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γιγνομένας τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις, ἰᾶται δὲ καταύλησις ἰσχιάδα καὶ ἐπιληψίαν*. And the ſame author affirms, that many in his time, eſpecially the Thebans, uſed the pipe for the cure of ſeveral ſickneſſes, which Galen calls *καταυλεῖν τȣ̃ τόπȣ*, *ſuper loco affecto tibia canere*; or *loca dolentia decantare*. I will not affirm that ſuch charms of muſic have no power in ſome maladies; every one knows what an effect the harp of David had over the ſpirits of Saul; but we have either loſt, or not yet found out the art: a natural reaſon may be aſſigned for it; for as the muſical notes move the air, ſo the air moves the inward ſpirits, and the humours of the body, which are the ſeat of diſeaſes; ſo that by this new motion they may be condenſed, rarified, diſſipated or expelled, according as they are agitated or influenced by the concuſſion of the muſical notes; but however this be, if other poets may ſay that charms have power to ſtop rivers in their courſes, Homer is not to be condemned for aſcribing the power of ſtopping blood to incantations. *See Mr. Cowley's Notes on the firſt book of his Davideis.*

He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praise atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, the ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife exprest
Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;
At length abrupt—my son!—my king!—she cry'd.

℣. 554. *—abrupt—my son!—my king!—she cry'd.*] It may seem incredible that this dialogue between Ulysses and Euryclea could be held in the presence of Penelope, and she not hear it: how is this to be reconciled to probability? I will answer in the words of Eustathius: the poet, says he, has admirably guarded against this objection; it is for this reason that he mentions the falling of Ulysses's leg into the water, the sound of the vessel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effusion of the water: all these different sounds may easily be supposed to drown the voice of Euryclea, so as it might not be heard by Penelope; it is true, she could not but observe this confusion that happened while Euryclea washes; but the age of Euryclea might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleness, and Penelope might be persuaded that it was thus occasioned, having no reason to suspect the truth: besides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to speak to the audience, while the persons on the stage are supposed not to hear? in reality, it is evident that Ulysses and Euryclea were at a proper distance from Penelope, probably out of decency, while the

His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eyes she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth apply'd,
Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the heroe cry'd:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd;
And have the fates thy babling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confest.
This heav'n-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train;
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?

the feet were washing; for as soon as that office is over, Homer tells us that Ulysses drew nearer to the fire where Penelope sate, that he might resume the conference.

Αὖτις ἄρ' ἀσσοτέρω πυρὸς ἕλκετο δίφρον Ὀδυσσεύς.

Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd,
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart immur'd.
When heav'n, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.

Thy aids avails me not, the chief reply'd;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He ſaid: obſequious with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.

℣. 578. *Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd.*] Plutarch, in his treatiſe upon Garrulity, obſerves, that Ulyſſes and every perſon that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under ſo great a maſter of ſecrecy as Ulyſſes: it is practiſed by his wife, his ſon, and his nurſe; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, poſſeſſed this virtue in ſo eminent a degree as to ſuffer themſelves to be daſhed in pieces by the Cyclops, rather than diſcover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable is, that the ſafety of princes' counſels conſiſts in ſecrecy. Dacier.

℣. 591. *With plenteous unction*———] We are not to imagine that this cuſtom of anointing the feet was an inſtance of luxury; it prevailed over the oriental world ſolely out of neceſſity, to avoid offenſiveneſs in thoſe hot regions. This cuſtom prevailed many ages after Homer, and we have an inſtance of it in the woman who waſhed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain

Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt,
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger-gueſt;
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſt.
Tho' night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize;
Awhile, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And, unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,
Sad Philomel, in bow'ry ſhades unſeen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents darling joy!
Whom chance miſ-led the mother to deſtroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious, from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.

proof that oil was uſed after waſhing the feet as well as after bathing.

℣. 606. *Sad Philomel*, etc.] This paſſage is thus explained by Euſtathius. The ſimile is not only introduced to expreſs the ſorrow of Penelope, but the nature of it: it is not ſo much intended to illuſtrate her

Now, wav'ring doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;

grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful ſong of the nightingale; for thus Homer applies it.

Ὣς καὶ ἐμοὶ δίχα θυμὸς ὀρώρεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.

Euſtathius adds, that Homer relates this ſtory very differently from later authors: he mentions nothing of Progne, Tereus, or Pandion, unleſs that name be the ſame with Pandareus; Itylus likewiſe is by them called Itys. The ſtory is thus, according to theſe writers: Philomela was the wife of Tereus king of Thrace; ſhe had a ſiſter named Progne, whom Tereus raviſhed and cut her tongue out, that ſhe might not diſcover the crime to Philomela; but Progne betrayed it by weaving the ſtory in a piece of embroidery; upon this Philomela ſlew her own ſon Itys or Itylus, and ſerved up his fleſh to the table of her huſband Tereus; which being made known to him, he purſues Philomela and Progne, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their ſwift flight into Athens, by which they eſcaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and Progne into a ſwallow; it being obſerved by Pauſanias, that no ſwallow ever builds in Thrace, or nightingale is ever ſeen there, as hating the country of Tereus. But Homer follows a different hiſtory: Pandareus ſon of Merops had three daughters, Merope, Cleothera, and Aedon: Pandareus married his eldeſt daughter Aedon to Zethus brother of Amphion, mentioned in the eleventh Odyſſey; ſhe had an only ſon named Itylus; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law Amphion, ſhe reſolves to murder Amaleus the eldeſt of her nephews. Her own ſon Itylus was brought up with the children of Amphion, and lay in the ſame bed with this Amaleus. Aedon directs her ſon Itylus to abſent himſelf one night from the bed, but

And joining to my ſon's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and aſſiſt his reign?
Or, ſince mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt Lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride?—
A viſionary thought I'll now relate,
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate.

A team of twenty geeſe, (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:

he forgets her orders; at the time determined, ſhe conveys herſelf into the apartment, and murders her own ſon Itylus, by miſtake, inſtead of her nephew Amalens: upon this, almoſt in diſtraction, ſhe begs the gods to remove her from the race of human kind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale.

Perch'd on the battlements he thus began,
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor Lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd,
When from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.

The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.

Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of *Sleep*,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:

℣. 657. *Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of Sleep*, etc.] This ſeems to be a bold fiction, and commentators have laboured hard to ſhew the reaſon of it: ſome imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunic of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory repreſents the teeth; and that by theſe alluſions the poet intended to expreſs,

Where images of truth for paſſage wait,

With viſions manifeſt of future fate.

That what we hear ſpoken may be falſe, but what we ſee muſt infallibly be true: that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits falſhood, that of horn, truth. Others explain Homer by referring to the nature of horn and ivory, horn being pervious to the ſight, and ivory impenetrable. Dacier, from Euſtathius, gives us a very different ſolution; by horn which is tranſparent, Homer means the air, or heavens which are tranſlucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth which is groſs and opake: thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are falſe; thoſe from heaven, or through the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of Homer, for ſuch an interpretation. I imagine that this fable is built upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falſhood and truth: Diodorus Siculus, in his ſecond book, deſcribing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation; and then adds, that there are other gates in the ſame place; namely, in Memphis in Ægypt, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a ſtatue of juſtice without an head; now Homer in the twenty-fourth Odyſſey places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal ſhades, and it is paſt diſpute that he borrows all theſe fables of Styx, Cocytus, (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation,) *etc.* from Ægypt, and places them in hell, after Orpheus, who adapted all his ceremonies according to the rites of burial obſerved at Memphis, as Diodorus fully proves: if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, *etc.* from Ægypt, why may he not the ſtory of the gates of falſhood and verity? eſpecially ſince he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians; and this region of dreams is

Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd;
Deluſive ſemblance!——But my remnant life
Heav'n ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to ſix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd a-far by his unerring art,
Sure thro' ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who thro' the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls (where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure paſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
  Propoſe the ſportive lot, the chief replies,
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurprize the unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitors' claim.
  To whom with grace ſerene the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech what pleaſing force I find!

placed by him in the paſſage to hell. It may therefore not be impoſſible but this ſtory of the gates of ſleep, may have a real foundation, and be built upon the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians.

O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But heav'n that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful viciſſitude! Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins: to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Mean-time inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.

Thus affable, her bow'r the queen aſcends;
The ſov'reign ſtep a beauteous train attends:
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows:
'Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and caſts him aſleep. At his awaking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers.

AN ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd:)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey.

Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.
His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung:
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;

℣. 12. *With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.*] Euſtathius expatiates upon the conduct of theſe female ſervants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reſerve (remarks that author) is the ornament of the fair ſex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them ſuſceptible of wanton impreſſions. The Athenians, as Pauſanias informs us, had a temple ſacred to Love and Venus the whiſperer. Venus was called the whiſperer (ψίθυρος) becauſe they who there offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the ſtatue of that goddeſs, and whiſpered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it tranſgreſs either by loudneſs or loquacity. But this no ways affects the ladies of Great Britain; they ſpeak ſo well, they ſhould never be ſilent.

Ulyſſes, Homer tells us, is almoſt provoked to kill theſe females with his own hands: this has been imagined a thought unworthy an heroe. The like objection has been made againſt Æneas in Virgil (Æneid; *lib.* 2. *ver.* 567.)

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple: there ſhe lurk'd alone,
Muffled ſhe ſate, and what ſhe could, unknown;
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard,
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This

Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the peers conſummate the diſgrace?

This whole paſſage is ſaid to have been expunged from Virgil by Tucca and Varius; for as Virgil there expreſſes it,

'Tis true a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain. Dryden.

But the objection is probably made with too great ſeverity, both againſt Homer and Virgil. It is no diſgrace to the beſt or braveſt man to be ſubject to ſuch paſſions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a heroe is not ſuppoſed to be inſenſible; he diſtinguiſhes himſelf as ſuch, if he reſtrains them within the bounds of reaſon. Both Æneas and Ulyſſes are fired with a juſt indignation, and this is agreeable to human nature: but both of them proceed to no outragious action, and this ſhews that their paſſions are governed by ſuperior reaſon. However this reſentment of Ulyſſes is leſs liable to objection than that of Æneas: Ulyſſes ſubdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reaſon; but Virgil introduces a machine to compoſe the ſpirit of Æneas:

——*all ſhining heav'nly bright,*
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight,
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break, etc.

It may be further added, that the caſe is very different between Æneas and Ulyſſes. The perſons whom Ulyſſes intends to puniſh are his ſubjects and ſervants, and ſuch a puniſhment would be no more than an act of juſtice, as he is their maſter and king; and we find in the ſequel of the Odyſſey, that he actually inflicts it. It ſhould therefore be thought an inſtance of Homer's judgment, in painting the diſorders of theſe ſervants in ſuch ſtrong colours, that we may acknowlege the juſtice, when he afterwards brings them to puniſhment.

Round his ſwol'n heart the murm'rous fury rowls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
And bays the ſtranger groom: ſo wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.

ỳ. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls, etc.*] This in the original is a very bold expreſſion, but Homer, to ſoften it, inſtances a compariſon which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally tranſlated it, as Spondanus obſerves:

——*animuſque in pectore latrat.*

That is word for word,

——Κραδίη δέ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

The ſimilitude itſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of Ulyſſes in defence of his ſon and wife, Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the compariſon could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un Lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, ou il ne ſcauroit entrer.* But however more noble the lion may be than the maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: the maſtiff rages in defence of her young, Ulyſſes of his ſon Telemachus; but how is this repreſented by a lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to dogs by the antients: they were kept as a piece of ſtate by princes and heroes, and therefore a compariſon drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion.

Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
  Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;

ỷ. 23. *Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain*
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.]

These two verses are quoted by Plato in his Phædo, where he treats of the soul's immortality; he makes use of them to prove that Homer understood the soul to be uncompounded and distinct from the body. "If the "soul, argues that author, were a compounded sub-"stance, if it were harmony (as some philosophically "assert) she would never act discordantly from the parts "which compose it; but we see the contrary; we see "the soul guide and govern the parts of which she her-"self is pretended to be composed; she resists, threa-"tens and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice and "anger: in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a "substance of a nature entirely different from its own. "Homer therefore evidently understood that the soul "ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it "is of a nature more divine than harmony.

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning: and there is an expression, observes Dacier, that bears the same import in the holy scriptures: *The heart of David smote him when he numbered the people.* There is this difference; in Homer by *heart* is understood the corporeal substance, in the scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.

Restless his body roils, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

ỳ. 32. *As one who long*, etc.] No passage in the whole Odyssey has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison. Monsieur Perault is particularly severe upon it: Homer (says that critic) compares Ulysses turning in his bed to a black pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of Ulysses. Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, answers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most delicious dishes amongst the antients: that the *sumen*, or sow's belly, was boasted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides, the Greek word used to express a black pudding was not invented in the days of Homer. Ogilby indeed thus renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But you will ask, is not the allusion mean at best, and does it not convey a low image? monsieur Dacier answers in the negative, in his notes upon Aristotle's Poetics. The comparison is borrowed from sacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. *Lib.* 1. of the Iliad.

On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

The *cawls* and the *choicest morsels* were the fat of the victim, selected as the best part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble

The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt:
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the ſuitors doom reſolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.

Oh thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why rowl thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſt in thy queen! bleſt in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.

in the oriental language, for the author of *Eccleſiaſticus* makes uſe of it, xlvii. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was David choſen out of the children of Iſrael.* And the ſame alluſion, which was uſed to repreſent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulyſſes.

But what is underſtood by the *belly of the beaſt, full of fat and blood?* Boileau is of opinion that thoſe words denote the fat and the blood which are in thoſe parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from theſe lines, *lib.* 18. of the Odyſſey.

Γαςέρες δ' αἵδ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρὶ τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Κατθέμεθα κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

plentes ſanguine et pinguedine, in cœna deponamus; a demonſtration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

Juſt is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind,
In contemplation rapt. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath prowess to ſubdue?
Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O ſay, cœleſtial maid!
Where ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattel'd to revenge the ſlain?
Oh impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the gods? Lo Pallas' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.

℣. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the gods?

There is excellent reaſoning in this: if a friend, whom we know to be wiſe and powerful, adviſes us, we are ready to follow his inſtructions; the divine Being gives us his counſel, and we refuſe it. Monſieur Dacier obſerves that Epictetus had this paſſage in his view, and beautified his morality with it. "The protection of "a prince or potentate (ſays that author) gives us full "tranquillity, and baniſhes from us all uneaſy appre"henſion. We have an all-powerful being for our "protector, and for our father; and yet the knowledge "of it is not ſufficient to drive away our fears, inquietudes and diſcontents."

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the goddeſs of wiſdom is conſonant to ſacred verity, and agrees with the language of the holy ſcripture; *Pſal.* xxvii. 3. *Though an host of men were laid againſt me, yet ſhall not my heart be afraid.*

The poet almoſt in every book mentions the deſtruction of the ſuitors by the ſingle hand of Ulyſſes, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be ſhock

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaft,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim conteft;
My fure divinity fhall bear the fhield,
And edge thy fword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy reft renew.
She ceas'd: ambrofial flumbers feal his eyes;
His care diffolves in vifionary joys:
The goddefs, pleas'd, regains her natal fkies.
 Not fo the queen; the downy bands of fleep
By grief relax'd, fhe wak'd again to weep;
A gloomy paufe enfu'd of dumb defpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.
 Diana! fpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulfive heart.

ed at the great cataftrophe of the poem as incredible: it is particularly judicious to infift upon it in this place in a manner fo folemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the deftruction of the fuitors fhould appear humanly improbable by being afcribed folely to Ulyffes, it is at leaft reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a a goddefs.

℣. 72. *Diana! fpeed thy deathful ebon dart, etc.*] I doubt not but the reader will be pleafed with the beauty of this foliloquy. There is an affemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are fuch [illegible] betray no meannefs of fpirit. The lamentation of [illegible]lope is the lamentation of a queen and heroine; [illegible] mourns, but it is with dignity. The poet makes a good ufe of her forrows, and they excellently fuftain her character of perfevering to elude the addreffes of the

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſt thro' the void, illimitable ſpace:
Or if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhrowd!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thy ſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four cœleſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

ſuitors, when ſhe wiſhes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confeſs the inſerting ſo many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, *etc.* greatly leſſens the pathetic of this ſpeech.

℣. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds!* etc.] The antients (ſays Dacier) were perſuaded that ſome perſons were carried away by ſtorms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine ſuch expreſſions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occaſion to theſe fictions might be no more than the ſudden deaths of ſome perſons; and their diſappearance was aſcribed, in the language of poetry, to ſtorms and whirlwinds. The Orientals delighted in ſuch bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The eaſt wind carrieth him away, and as a ſtorm hurrieth him out of his place.* And *Iſaiah* xli. 16. *The wind ſhall carry them away, and the whirlwind ſhall ſcatter them.*

℣. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years

Monſieur Dacier obſerves upon this paſſage; Venus is ſaid to feed theſe infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, ſhe nurſed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expreſſion: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land

Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bow'r of Jove;
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd Harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou Diana ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead:

of the greateſt fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moſes. So the prophet. *Butter and honey ſhall he eat, till he knows how to refuſe the evil and chuſe the good;* that is, till the age of diſcretion.

ỷ. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd*
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind.

It may ſeem that Homer aſcribes improper gifts to this goddeſs; wiſdom is the portion of Minerva, beauty of Venus, why then are they here aſcribed to Juno? Spondanus calls this an inſolvable difficulty. Dacier explains it by ſaying, that the beauty of princeſſes is different from that of perſons of an inferior ſtation; their beauty conſiſts in a majeſty that is every way great and noble, and ſtrikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal ſoftneſſes of inferior beauty; the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part the fair ſex; the latter is beſtowed on princeſſes and s, by Juno the regent of the ſkies.

2. *Wing'd Harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge*.] It is not evident what is meant by theſe prins b ing carried away by the Harpies: Euſtathius s that they wandered from their own country, and

To ſeek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail,
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors ſable ev'ry dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought,
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace:

fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the poet aſcribes to the ἐρινύες, or *Furies*. Dacier imagines, that theſe two princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter Aedon (who was married to Zethus, and ſlew her own ſon) feared a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retired to ſome diſtant ſolitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It muſt be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wiſhes of Penelope: theſe princeſſes were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herſelf to be in the ſame condition, and wiſhes to be loſt rather than ſubmit to ſecond nuptials. This ſpeech has a farther effect; we find Penelope reduced to the utmoſt exigency, ſhe has no farther ſubterfuge: the poet therefore judiciouſly paints this exigency in the ſtrongeſt colours, to ſhew the neceſſity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the concluſion of the Odyſſey.

℣. 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace.*] This litle circumſtance is not without a good effect; it ſhews that the whole ſoul of Penelope was poſſeſſed with the image of Ulyſſes. Homer adds, *ſuch*

Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan:
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd:

was when he sailed to Troy; which is inserted to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this Ulysses in disguise is not like the Ulysses she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. Eustathius.

℣. 110. *Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty ninth day.

℣. 113. *——a sudden fear*
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms.]
I was at a loss for an explication of this line, until I found it in Eustathius; for why should Ulysses imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulysses, after a speech that expressed so much concern for his absence? Ulysses, having only heard the voice, not distinguished the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of Penelope for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the suitors, and prevent his designs: he therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to heaven for a sign to re-assure his hopes,

(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air,)
And thus the gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long series of my woes shall end;
Of human race now rising from repose,
Let one a blissful omen here disclose:
And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.

that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

ỳ. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones*———
123. ———*a blissful omen*———]

The construction in the Greek is ungrammatical; for after Ζεῦ πάτερ in the singular, the poet immediately adds εἴ μ' ἐθέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are implied, says Eustathius, so that θεοὶ is understood, which rectifies the construction.

The reader will fully understand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongst the antients: *If*, says Ulysses, *my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it;* and immediately a voice is heard, *O Jupiter, may this day be the last to the suitors!* Such speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination: Ulysses understands it as such, and accepts the omen. It was in use among the Romans, as appears from Tully of Divination. When P. Æmilius was going to war with Perseus king of the Macedonians, he found his little daughter in tears: *O father*, says she, *Perseus is dead!* meaning her little dog named Perseus; Æmilius immediately replied, *O daughter, I embrace the omen*, applying it to Perseus king of the Macedonians, who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in Rome. The same practice was used by the Hebrews.

Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a saphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the heroe's heart rebounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.

it was called Bath Kol. This is an instance of it: two Rabbies desiring to see Samuel a Babylonish doctor, *let us follow*, said they, *the hearing of Bath Kol;* travelling therefore near a school, they heard a boy reading these words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1. *And Samuel died.* They observed it, and found that their friend was dead. The Sortes Virgilianæ afterwards were much of this kind.

ỳ. 128. *Loud from a saphire sky*———] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a *serene sky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as such amongst the Romans in the books of the augurs; and Horace brings it as a proof against the opinions of Epicurus.

———*Diespiter*
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

Virgil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous, when Anchises saw the lambent flame round the head of Iulus: he prays to Jupiter and immediately it thunders.

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Intonuit.

The Stoics drew an argument from thunder from a serene air against the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine providence.

Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man)
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd.

Father of Gods and men! whose thunders rowl
O'er the Cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare ostent,
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted pray'r,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!

℣. 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the suitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word ἐπεῤῥώοντο; it denotes the great labour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, and consequently the great waste of the suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity, that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that the mills were attended by women; I suppose because preparing bread was an houshold care, and therefore [illegible] to the lot of female servants.

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Mean-time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Euryclea thus he there addreſs'd.

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repoſe,
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wiſeſt errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.

She thus: O ceaſe that ever-honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame.

℣. 165. *Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers.*] This ſpeech of Telemachus may ſeem to be wanting in filial reſpect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: but (remarks Euſtathius) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation; it ſhews that her affection was ſo great for Ulyſſes, that ſhe received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with falſe news about him; and that other perſons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were leſs acceptable.

A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection prest;
Nor wou'd he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sow'rly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:

℣. 180. *To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,*
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:] It was customary for kings and magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the Odyssey, the poet passes it over in a cursory manner without any enlargement. Eustathius.

℣. 189. *And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew.*] The table was not antiently covered with linen, but carefully cleansed with wet sponges. Thus Arrian, ἆρον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγγισον: And Martial:

Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the god of day.
She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some wield the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.

Hæc tibi ſorte datur tergendis ſpongia menſis.

They made uſe of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the ſoft and fine part of the bread, which they called *ἀπομαγδαλιαι*, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this cuſtom is mentioned in the Odyſſey, *lib.* 10.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα κύνες δαίτηθεν ἰόντα
Σαίνωσ', αἰεὶ γάρ τε φέρει μειλίγματα θυμῷ.

As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morſel in the tranſlation, and the *μειλίγματα* in the Greek, mean theſe pieces of bread, or *ἀπομαγδαλίαι*, with which the antients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

V. 195. *The lunar feaſt-rites to the god of day.*] This was the laſt day of one month, and the firſt of the following: the Greek months were lunar, the firſt day of

Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgments firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king this friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
  Some pitying god (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their tow'ring pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!

every month was a day of great ſolemnity, and it was conſecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulyſſes had ſaid, *lib.* 14. *v.* 186.

> *Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,*
> *His antient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey;*
> *In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn.*
>
> Τοῦ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τοῦ δ' ἱσταμένοιο.

This, ſays Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulyſſes ſhall return on the laſt day of the month preciſely; and here we find it verified. Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf upon this day, and kills the ſuitors: by his return, in the fore-going period, is meant his diſcovery; for he was returned when he made that aſſertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verſe was rightly interpreted by Solon.

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!

Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd,
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.

From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.

℣. 237. *Imported in a ſhallop*——] To underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to remember that Melanthius and Philætius fed their flocks and herds in Cephalenia, an adjacent iſland, under the dominion of Ulyſſes; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in ſeparate veſſels, by different ferrymen, πορθμῆες, as Homer expreſſes it.

Strait to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.
  What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipſe of fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendor ſhine.
If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd.
  Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!

ỳ. 245. *If monarchs by the gods,* etc.] This is the reaſoning of Philætius: kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the gods; and if the gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can inferior perſons (ſays Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? but I perſuade myſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean Ulyſſes; "Well may vagrants ſuf-"fer, when kings, ſuch as Ulyſſes, are not free from "afflictions.

ỳ. 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;*
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!

Theſe words are to be aſcribed to the exceſs of ſorrow which Philætius feels for the ſufferings of Ulyſſes; for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of Theology in Homer's time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; "How can Jupiter "(ſays Philætius) who is our father, throw his chil-"dren into ſuch an abyſs of miſery? Thou, oh Jove, "haſt made us, yet haſt no compaſſion when we ſuf-

Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wand'rer ſtill,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wiſdom, or thy will:

"ſer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen Theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of Philætius; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompenſe the good man for all his calamities, or as Milton expreſſes,

Will juſtify the ways of God to men.

It may be obſerved in general that this introduction of Philætius and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of Ulyſſes, is inſerted here with admirable judgment; the poet intends to make uſe of his aſſiſtance in the deſtruction of the ſuitors; he therefore brings him in giving Ulyſſes full aſſurance of his fidelity; ſo that when that heroe reveals himſelf to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honeſty.

I will only add that Philætius is not to be looked upon as a common ſervant, but as an officer of ſtate and dignity: and whatever has been ſaid in theſe annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philætius; he is here called ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and Ulyſſes promiſes to marry him into his own family in the ſequel of the Odyſſey; conſequently he is a perſonage worthy to be an actor in epic poetry.

O monarch ever dear!——O man of woe!——
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:

ỷ. 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Eustathius: ἴδιον, τȣτ' ἐςὶν ἴδρωσα, ἠγωνίασα. "I have sweated "and been in an agony at the thought of the severe "dispensations of Jupiter;" this is the interpretation of Eustathius. Dacier takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλέοισι,
Ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.

Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo, for so we may render ἴδιον, meaning Ulysses; then the sense will be this; *Jupiter, though thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion upon mankind, thou castest us into evils and misery; as I have learned by a private or domestic instance, namely in the person of Ulysses.* If my judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this interpretation rather than that of Eustathius, which seems to be a forced one, and I remember no instance of this nature in Homer; but the preference is submitted to the reader's decision.

With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now, to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Atteſt, oh Jove, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r?
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor-train.

O Jove ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigor ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young——

Aſſents Eumæus to the pray'r addreſt;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
  Mean-time the ſuitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove:
Siniſter to their hope! this omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.
  The gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let ſable fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
  From council ſtrait th' aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.
Diſ-rob'd, their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay;
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.

ỳ. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.*] It may be aſked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy? and why might not the eagle denote the ſuitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? no doubt but ſuch an interpretation would have been ſpecious, but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds, and muſt therefore of neceſſity denote the chief perſonage, and conſequently could only be applied to Ulyſſes, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it, and the ſuitors acquieſce in his interpretation.

ỳ. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.*] The antients, ſays Euſtathius, obſerve that this is the

only

With fire prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus born: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupply'd:
High caniſters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.

only place where the ſuitors offer any ſacrifice throughout the whole Odyſſey, and that there is no inſtance at all, that they make any prayer to the gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a ſacrifice? it is true the ſacrificial term of ἱέρευον is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a ſacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, though it primarily ſignifies the fleſh of animals offered to the gods, yet in a leſs proper acceptation implies the fleſh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων, which muſt be rendered, *the fleſh of young animals.* Thus *lib.* 7. εὐσηπτότερα τὰ νύκτωρ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα, *the fleſh of animals that are killed by night ſooneſt putrifies;* and Galen uſes ζῶον, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiſcriminately. The reaſon is, becauſe originally no animal was ever ſlain, but ſome part of it was offer'd to the gods, and in this ſenſe every ζῶον was ἱερεῖον. If we conſult the context in Homer, it muſt be allowed that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that diſtinguiſhes this from a common repaſt, through the whole deſcription; and if that word will bear a remote ſignification, as ἱερεῖον does, I ſhould conclude, that this is no ſacrifice. Nay, if it ſhould be found that ἱέρευον implies of neceſſity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a cuſtomary meal, ſince the antients at all entertainments made libations to the gods: what may ſeem to ſtrengthen this conjecture is, that the poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, Ἀχαιοὶ, ſacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the ſuitors partook in the ſacrifice: nay they ſeem to

Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without controul
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Mean-while the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:

be feasting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove.

℣. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily; the table is suitable to the disguise of Ulysses, and it might have created a jealousy in the suitors if Telemachus had used him with greater distinction.

Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger guest;
Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride.

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.

The chief, indignant, grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:

℣. 370. ——— *grins a ghastly smile;*] The expression in Greek is remarkable:

——— μείδησε δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον)

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the island of Sardinia, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from hence the Sardinian *laugh* became a proverb, to signify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an antient custom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians); it is pretended that upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy, and obliged these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως; and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears most natural, but because Virgil seems to understand it in that sense, for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, *Eclogue* 7. *v.* 41.

Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis.

——— *deform'd like him who chaws*
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.

The reader may observe that Ctesippus breaks out into buffoonry, and the suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the Odyssey: these levities have been proscribed by the critics as too low, and unworthy of epic poetry: but Homer adapts himself to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; though I will not say but such characters are more proper for co-

When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhou'd thy ſire a queen his daughter boaſt,
The ſuitor now had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.

A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſu'd,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd.

A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will.
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your ſire reſtor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a ſecond lord:
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think, he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?

medy than epic poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in Homer, who puts theſe low pleaſantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; ſuch perſons being generally men of no worth or ſerious deportment.

Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord, ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſt,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſt.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies;
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies!
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes, and his woes I ſwear!
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train.)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent-queen to chaſe! ———
From me, ye gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.

℣. 403. *Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies;* etc.] It is obſervable that Telemachus ſwears by the *ſorrows* of his father; an expreſſion, in my judgment, very noble, and at the ſame time, full of a filial tenderneſs. This was an antient cuſtom amongſt the Orientals, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Geneſis* xxxi. 53. *And Jacob ſware by the* fear *of his father Iſaac.*

But how is this ſpeech to be underſtood? for how can Telemachus perſuade his mother to marry, when he knows that Ulyſſes is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expreſſion. Telemachus, obſerves Euſtathius, ſwears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an huſband, but he means Ulyſſes: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the ſuitors, who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himſelf not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated croud;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:

ỳ. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd*, etc.] It is in the Greek, *They laughed with other mens cheeks.* There are many explications of this paſſage: Euſtathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Eraſmus explains it, *non libenter neque ex animo ridere, ſed ita ridere quaſi non tuis, ſed alienis maxillis rideas.* But if we conſult the conduct of the ſuitors, a contrary interpretation will ſeem to be neceſſary: for this laughter of the ſuitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it ἄσβεστον, *exceſſive, inextinguiſhed;* and again, ἡδὺ γέλασσαν, or they laughed *with joy, ſuaviter riſerunt;* which expreſſions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this conſtruction? Very naturally: They laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and conſequently they were not afraid to uſe them with licence and exceſs; (ſuch perſons as the ſuitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.)

Horace makes uſe of the ſame expreſſion,

Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.

And likewiſe Valerius:

Errenteſque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are ſome lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expreſſion of laughing with other mens cheeks, Homer adds, that their eyes *flowed with tears*, and *ſorrow ſeized their ſouls.* It is true, Homer deſcribes the ſuitors under an alienation of mind, and a ſudden di-

Floting in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:

ſtraction occaſioned by Minerva; and from hence we may gather the reaſon why they are toſt by ſo ſudden a tranſition to contrary paſſions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal exceſs: perſons in ſuch a condition being liable to ſuch viciſſitudes.

℣. 417. *Floating in gore, protentous to ſurvey!*
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay.]
This is to be looked upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was eſtabliſhed in the old world, and conſequently, whether true or falſe may be allowed to have a place in poetry. *See* Book XII. Annot. 32.

In the following ſpeech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthuſiaſm of poetry; but how are we to underſtand that Theoclymenus ſees theſe wonders, when they are inviſible to all the ſuitors? Theoclymenus was a prophet, and ſpeaks of things future as preſent; it is the eye of the prophet that ſees theſe events, and the language of prophecy that ſpeaks of them as preſent. Thus when he ſays he ſees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghoſts; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the ſuitors.

Euſtathius is of opinion, that by the laſt words of this ſpeech Theoclymenus intends to expreſs an eclipſe of the ſun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipſes happen. Others underſtand by it the death of the ſuitors, as when we ſay the ſun is for ever gone down upon the dead: Theocritus uſes that expreſſion, *θνήσκοντι πάντα δεδυκεῖν ἅλιον.* Homer means by it, that the ſuitors ſhall never more behold the light of the ſun.

———— ἠέλιος δὲ
Οὐρανοῦ ἐξαπόλωλε ————

Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
In vision rap'd, the * Hyperesian seer
Up-rose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destin'd peer impending fates invade:
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!
Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the sure divine of fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.

* Theoclymenus.

So far Eustathius. It may be added that the Roman poets used the same expression in this latter signification. Thus Catullus,

Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Either of these expositions makes the passage intelligible.

ỷ. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The suitors taking the prediction of Theoclymenus literally, *viz. I see you all involved in darkness*, think him distracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind;
No clouds of error dim th'etherial rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths deſcend;
Leſt the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.

This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:

therefore by way of deriſion command him to be carried into a place of public reſort, that he may convince himſelf it is full day. Euſtathius imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenneſs, becauſe it makes all objects appear indiſtinct and different from the reality: he quotes a pleaſant expreſſion of Anacharſis to this purpoſe: a certain perſon telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think ſo too*, replies Anacharſis; *but fill me a bumper, that I may make her a beauty.*

℣. 437. *Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd,)* etc.] Euſtathius explains the anſwer of Theoclymenus to be both pleaſant and ſerious: "I have *eyes*, and "therefore have no occaſion for a guide to lead me "from the palace; I have *ears*, and therefore hear that "my abſence is deſired; I have both my *feet*, and "therefore am able to go away without giving others "the trouble to aſſiſt me; and I have an *underſtanding* "well informed, by which I ſee the evil that threatens "the ſuitors, and haſte away to avoid it."

Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once at leaſt believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,

℣. 456. *To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,*] It is evident from this paſſage that the name of Sicily is very antient, and Euſtathius makes the following remark upon it: that the reaſon why the poet never mentions this word in deſcribing the wanderings of Ulyſſes which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more ſurpriſing and marvellous; and that the more to countenance thoſe fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Pheacians, he chuſes to ſpeak of it by names leſs known, and leſs familiar to his readers. Dacier obſerves from Bochart, that this iſland received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians, long before the birth of Homer, or the war of Troy; Siclul in their language ſignifies *perfection*; they called it the *iſle of perfection*, becauſe it held the chief rank amongſt all the iſlands in the Mediterranean: "It is the largeſt and beſt iſland in all our ſeas," ſays Strabo. It has likewiſe been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language, namely from Segol, or Segul, a raiſin. For long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards, and from thence the Carthaginians imported their raiſins and wines. Homer celebrates this iſland for its vines in the 9*th* Odyſſey.

Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove deſcends in each prolific ſhow'r.

Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
  Thus jovial they; but nought the prince replies;
Full on his ſire he rowl'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtrait to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circle ſat, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas with preventing ſpeed
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

It is likewiſe probable from this paſſage, that the Sicilians traded in ſlaves; for their lands were fertil, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I ſhould rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their ſlaves; the ſuitors ſpeaking by way of terror to intimidate Theoclymenus; and the expreſſion ſeems to bear the ſame import with that concerning Echetus, we will *ſend him to Echetus*, or *the Sicilians, who will uſe him with the utmoſt cruelty.*

ỳ. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen.*] The word in the original is δίφρος, and ſignifies a large ſeat that would hold two perſons, from δὶς φέρειν.

This circumſtance (obſerves Euſtathius) is not inſerted in vain: the poet deſcribes Penelope thus ſeated, that ſhe might ſee and hear the actions and deſigns of the ſuitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occaſion: now for inſtance, ſhe perceives their inſolence riſen to ſuch an height, that ſhe dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herſelf the prize of the beſt archer: and this naturally connects the ſtory with the next book.

THE

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulysses's bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the sollicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who should first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,

This book is entitled Τόξου θέσις, or the *proposition of the bow:* this action of Penelope has given occasion of raillery both to modern and antient critics; they insinuate that she proposed this exercise of the bow to try

Shall end the ſtriſe, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!
The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;

the ſtrength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that ſingle qualification in the choice of her huſband.

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.

They interpret νευρὴν ἐντανύσαι into a ſenſe very contrary to the character of Penelope. It is true, other authors have directly charged her with inchaſtity, and affirm that ſhe had a ſon named Pan, becauſe *all* the ſuitors had a ſhare in him. Lycophron calls her

Βασσάραν σεμνῶς κασσωρεύουσαν.

It is the exerciſe of the bow that has occaſioned theſe imputations; for none of Homer's commentators have given the reaſon why ſhe propoſes that exerciſe in particular; and therefore ſeeing no reaſon for it, they have invented a falſe one, and give the ſtory a ridiculous air: I flatter myſelf that a better ſolution may be found out, and a reaſon given why Penelope propoſes this exerciſe in particular, and preferable to any other.

We are to remember that this day was ſacred to Apollo; this is evident from the preceding book, where the Ithacans offer an hecatomb in a grove conſecrated to that deity: the diverſion ſuits the day, the exerciſe of the bow being proper to be practiſed on the feſtival of that deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατηβόλος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is ſtrange that this neceſſary obſervation ſhould eſcape the notice of all commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in propoſing the bow, an in-

A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;

ſtance almoſt parallel to it might be produced from hiſtory. When Cambyſes was preparing to make war againſt Æthiopia, the king of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the preſence of the Perſian ambaſſadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with theſe words; that when the Perſians could do the like, they might hope to conquer the Æthiopians. There is nothing more abſurd in the delivery of the bow to the ſuitors by Penelope, than in the ſame act of the Æthiopian king to the Perſian ambaſſadors.

ỳ. 9. *A brazen key ſhe held*, etc.] The numerous particularities and digreſſive hiſtories crouded together in the beginning of this book have not eſcaped cenſure. The poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to Ulyſſes; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of Penelope's opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the ſuitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance, to no propoſed end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhews the power of the poet's diction. So great a critic as Vida admired this very paſſage. *Poetic. lib.* 2.

Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis,
Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
Victori, per quanta moræ diſpendia mentes
Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferet arcum!

There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulyſſes bore,
And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long ſince when Sparta's ſhores he trod,
On young Ulyſſes Iphitus beſtow'd:
Beneath Orſilochus his roof they meet;
One loſs was private, one a public debt:
Meſſena's ſtate from Ithaca detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd ſwains:

The poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of Penelope, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and antient hiſtories will pleaſe every reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of Homer's judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, Penelope propoſes the trial of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and Homer, to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey.

℣. 21. *Meſſena's ſtate*, etc.] It has been diſputed whether Meſſene here was a city or a country; Strabo affirms it to be a country, *lib.* 8. It was a port of Laconia, under the dominion of Menelaus in the time of the war of Troy; and then (continues that author) the city named Meſſene was not built. Pauſanias is of the ſame opinion, *lib.* 4. *chap.* 1. "Before the bat-
" tle of Leuctra between the Thebans and Lacedæmo-
" nians, it is my judgment that there was no city cal-

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.

" led Messene; this is evident from the words of Ho-
" mer,

> Τῷ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ξυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοιϊν
> Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

Now Ortilochus lived in Pheræ, a city of Messenia, and consequently Ulysses and Iphitus meeting at his palace in Messenia, Homer must mean the country, not the city. That Ortilochus lived in Pheræ, appears from the third Odyssey.

> Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἵκοντο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
> Υἱέος Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

This Iphitus was the son of Eurytus mentioned in the eighth book, famous for his skill in archery.

> *Vain Eurytus! whose art became his crime,*
> *Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime,*
> *Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,*
> *Who boldly durst defy the bowyer God.*

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: the poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the Odyssey: he shews it was originally in the possession of Eurytus, the most famous archer in the world: nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the heroe of the poem, who alone is able to bend it.

℣. 22. *Three hundred sheep*, etc.] It has been observed in a former annotation, that such ravages or pyracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst

But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the lab'ring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules at length,
The lawleſs wretch, the man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt.

the antients; why then is Ulyſſes here ſent to redemand the ſpoils made by the Meſſenians? Dacier anſwers, that ſuch inroads were not allowable except in open war; ſhe means between Greeks and Greeks; for they themſelves exerciſed ſuch pyracies with impunity againſt other nations.

ỳ. 31. *Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt.*] Homer very ſolemnly condemns this action of Hercules in ſlaying Iphitus; and ſome authors (remarks Euſtathius) defend him by ſaying, he was ſeized with madneſs, and threw Iphitus down from the top of his palace; but this is contrary to Homer, and to the ſentiment of thoſe who write that Hercules was delivered as a ſlave to Omphale, for the expiation of the murder of Iphitus.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expreſſion

——— οὐδὲ τράπεζαν
Ἠδέσατο. ———

That is, *he paid no reverence to his table.* The table was held ſacred by the antients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of friendſhip and hoſpitality: it was therefore a crime to diſhonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpoſe Juvenal:

Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia menſæ.

The ſtatues of the gods were raiſed upon the tables,

He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land,
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
  Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;

they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteemed holy, and by offering libations to the gods from them: the table therefore is called in Plutarch φιλίων Θεῶν βωμόν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the gods of friendship and hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteemed an inviolable obligation of friendship: and τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add, that it was customary, upon making an alliance of hospitality, to give mutual tokens; thus Ulysses here presents Iphitus with a sword and spear; Iphitus Ulysses with a bow. And the producing these tokens, was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality, between the persons themselves, and their descendents in following generations.

The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung:
Acroſs her knees ſhe lay'd the well-known bow,
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent, to the joyous hall returns,

℣. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This deſcription preſents us with a noble image; Homer introduces it to ſhew the largeneſs and ſtrength of the door, which reſounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumſtance into ſublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the 24th of the Iliad.

Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade.

℣. 57. *Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,*
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.]
The bow recalls to her mind the thought of her huſband, and this raiſes her ſorrows. The leaſt trifle that once belonged to a beloved perſon, is ſufficient to caſt a cloud over the ſoul, which naturally falls in a ſhower of tears: and no doubt the exerciſe which the ſuitors are to practiſe with the bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her ſorrows; ſhe weeps not only for the loſs of Ulyſſes, but at the thought that ſhe is ready to enter upon ſecond nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

To the proud ſuitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air.
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife,
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wond'rous bow ſhall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid.
Hence to your fields, ye ruſtics! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;

Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man!
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus. Some god I find
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?

℣. 105. *Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find, etc.*] This speech is not without greater obscurity than is usual in so clear a writer as Homer. M. Dacier has done it justice, and clearly opened the sense of it in her paraphrase. "Surely, says Telemachus, Jupiter has "disordered my understanding: I see my mother, wise "as she is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter up-"on a second marriage; and yet in these melancholy "circumstances, I think of nothing but diverting my-"self, and being an idle spectator of this exercise of "the bow: no, no, this is not to be suffered: you

Come then, ye ſuitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the trial——Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.

“(the ſuitors) uſe your utmoſt efforts to rob me of Penelope, I will therefore uſe mine to retain her; a woman the moſt excellent in any nation. But why do I praiſe her? you know her worth; uſe therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the bow, that we may come to an iſſue; I will try the bow with you; and if I ſucceed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conqueſt; then ſhe ſhall not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: nor will Penelope abandon a ſon, who, emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from ſo many antagoniſts.

This is the true meaning of the words of Telemachus; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embaraſſed, and the connection a little obſcure; but this is done by the poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry of mind in Telemachus, who fears for the fate of Penelope: therefore the connection of the periods is interrupted, to repreſent Telemachus ſtarting through eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

He ſpoke; then riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt.
(His perfect ſkill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk, gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His ardour ſtrait th' obedient prince ſuppreſt,
And artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſt.

Oh lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure)

ỳ. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy*
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade——]
It is not apparent at the firſt view why Ulyſſes prohibits Telemachus from drawing the bow; but Euſtathius gives ſufficient reaſon for this conduct: it would have defeated his whole deſign, and rendered the death of the ſuitors impracticable; for Telemachus had declared that he would retain Penelope, if he ſucceeded in the exerciſe of the bow; and this of neceſſity would create an immediate conteſt between that heroe and the ſuitors, and bring matters unſeaſonably to extremity. The ſame author aſſigns a ſecond reaſon; Ulyſſes fears leſt Telemachus by bending the bow ſhould make it more ſupple and flexible, and therefore commands him

How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun.
" From where the goblet first begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow;

to desist, lest it should be drawn by the suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have raised an emulation amongst them, and they would have applied the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as Telemachus; but his despair to effect it, makes them less sollicitous, the trial being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observed that there is a very happy address made to Telemachus by Homer; he shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to Ulysses: thus the poet has found out a way to give Telemachus the honour of the victory without obtaining it; and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of Ulysses, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy presence of mind at once foresee the danger, and prevent it.

℣. 149. *From where the goblet first begins to flow, From right to left*, etc.] Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is proposed by Antinous by way of omen, the right hand being reckoned fortunate: but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the antients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence

"And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths"--The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd;
The eldeſt born of Oenop's noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he of all the ſuitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!

δεξίωσις came to ſignify to drink towards the right hand, and Athenæus thus interprets this paſſage in the firſt of the Iliad.

——— χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους ———

Which, remarks that author, ſignifies ἐδεξιοῦντο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is expreſs mention made of this practice, *lib.* 1 *ver.* 597. of the Iliad.

——— θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν
Ὠνοχόει ——— —

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the ſcholiaſt rightly interprets it, *Vulcan delivered the bowl to all the gods.*

This obſervation explains various paſſages in many antient authors, as well as in the Iliad and Odyſſey: the cuſtom indeed is not of any great importance, but it is at leaſt a curioſity, and valuable becauſe antient. I doubt not but the bowl, out of which theſe perſons drank, would by antiquaries be thought ineſtimable; and the poſſeſſion of an antient bowl is not quite ſo valuable as the knowlege of an antient cuſtom.

℣. 152. ——— *Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt.*] The word in the original is θυοσκόος, a perſon who makes predictions from victims or from the ſmoke of the ſacrifice. This Leiodes, the poet tells us, ſate next to the bowl;

Already in deſpair he gives it o'er;
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below!

the reaſon of it, ſaith Euſtathius, was becauſe the ſuitors feared leſt poiſon ſhould be mixed in it, and they thought themſelves ſafe through his care and inſpection: but it may perhaps be a better reaſon to ſay, that he ſate there in diſcharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the gods; as was cuſtomary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The poet adds that this prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reaſon may be becauſe he was an enemy to the inſolence of the ſuitors, and therefore withdrew from their converſation; or perhaps the word is inſerted only to ſhew that his place was the firſt (for Euſtathius explains μυχοίτατος by πρῶτος and ἐνδότατος) and therefore he was the moſt proper perſon to begin the experiment, that the reſt might make trial according as they were ſeated, ſucceſſively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the moſt honourable perſon.

℣. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow!*
What ſouls, and ſpirits, etc.]

There is in theſe words a full and clear prediction of the deſtruction of the ſuitors by the bow of Ulyſſes; but what follows, when the prophet comes to explain himſelf, renders it ambiguous, *Better indeed to die,* etc. The next line is very remarkable for the diſtinction it makes between θυμὸς and ψυχή, *ſoul* and *ſpirit*: the reader may turn to the note on *lib.* 23. *ver.* 92, 122. of the Iliad; and that on *lib.* 11. *ver.* 743. of the Odyſſey, where an account is given of the notion of the antients concerning this diviſion. I ſhall only here add a paſſage in St. Paul to the Hebrews, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it.

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we ſought?
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him Antinous thus with fury ſaid,
What words ill omen'd from thy lips have fled?

The word of God is quick and powerful, and ſharper than a two-edged ſword, piercing even to the dividing aſunder of ſoul *and* ſpirit. *Heb.* iv. 12.

This Leiodes falls by the ſword of Ulyſſes in the next book; but is it not injuſtice to take away the life of a perſon who is here deſcribed as a man of virtue, deteſting the actions of the ſuitors, and dignified with prophecy? It is eaſy to anſwer this objection; he is one of the ſuitors to Penelope, as appears from his trying the bow amongſt the reſt of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and conſequently he is involved in the general crime: this diſtinguiſhes his caſe from that of Medon and Phemius, whom Ulyſſes ſpares, it appearing that they made no pretenſions to the bed of Penelope, whereas Leiodes endeavours to marry the queen, which ſingle act would exclude Ulyſſes from his own bed and dominions. Beſides, if we would eſcape the puniſhment of wicked men, we muſt not only deteſt their crimes, but converſation.

Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can——he ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pyle prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confest
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

ỳ. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of the wrestlers who observed that custom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be understood in the Greek, and that it is the bow, not the limbs of the suitors, that is to be anointed. Eustathius thus fully explains it: the lard is brought to make the bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the bow and render it flexible. But Eustathius falls into an error about the seat that is brought by Melanthius: he imagines the suitors sate while they drew the bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fixed upon the ground; whereas in reality the seat is brought, that they may sit while they chafe the bow. Homer himself says, when

Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes.

Leiodes endeavours to draw it, that he ſtood up, *ἀνίςα-το*, and again,

He ſtood, and ſtepping forward try'd the bow.
Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ὀδὸν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξε πειρήτιζεν.

But how is this to be reconciled with the conduct of Ulyſſes, who is directly affirmed to ſit while he draws it?

———ἕλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδας τε
Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο καθήμενος———

That circumſtance is inſerted to ſhew the great ſtrength and dexterity of Ulyſſes, who is able to draw it in that diſadvantageous poſture: the poet in every incident maintains his ſuperiority.

ẏ. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,*
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.]
It is wonderful how exactly the poet obſerves the diſtribution of time; he diſtinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper ſpace to every action. In this place the poem goes forward while Ulyſſes withdraws to engage the aſſiſtance of Philœtius and Eumæus. The ſuitors are amuſed and employed about the bow, while Ulyſſes ſteals away from their obſervation, and returns without raiſing their jealouſy. The poet likewiſe manages the time of the diſcovery of Ulyſſes very judiciouſly; though he knew the fidelity of Eumæus and Philætius, yet he truſts them not with the knowlege of his perſon, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound ſecrecy. But then is not this an imputation to Penelope, that he ſhould chuſe to diſco-

Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring god reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign;
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud ſuitors, or your antient lord?
Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigor ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wiſhes for his lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began.
Thoſe vows the gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapleſs land:

ver himſelf to theſe two perſons, rather than to his queen? the anſwer is, There was a neceſſity for his diſcovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their aſſiſtance in the future engagement, and makes good uſe of it; whereas a diſcovery made to the queen could have been of no advantage, and might poſſibly have proved detrimental; beſides, this is a ſeaſon that requires expedition; and we find Ulyſſes complies with it, and is very conciſe in the diſcovery and interview with Philætius and Eumæus. The poet therefore reſerves the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope to a time of more leiſure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his poem with ſo eſſential an ornament with greater ſolemnity.

At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye:
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolychus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chac'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:

℣. 231. ——— *and the ſcar expos'd.*] Ariſtotle treating of the different ſort of Remembrances, *chap.* 17. of his Poetics, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former ſort is ſimple and without art, which poets uſe for want of invention; as for inſtance, when they bring about the diſcovery of a perſon by ſome natural mark or token upon the body: the latter are either marks upon the body, or ſcars occaſioned by ſome accident, or tokens diſtinct from the body, ſuch as the caſket, *etc.* which Plautus and Terence uſe in the diſcovery of ſeveral perſons in their comedies: of this latter kind is this ſcar of Ulyſſes; it is an adventitious remembrance, and theſe remembrances (continues Ariſtotle) may be uſed with more or leſs art: thus in the caſe of this wound of Ulyſſes, it is uſed by Homer in

Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:

a different way: Euryclea, *lib.* 19. describes it accidentally; Ulysses here shews it to Eumæus and Philætius voluntarily; and it is certain that all those marks, which a poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually, and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth Odyssey is more ingenious than the second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery: it causes no surprize nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention: on the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the poet only. But, says Dacier, when Aristotle affirms that this present remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by necessity. Ulysses has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth book; he is absolutely compelled to make it designedly, to engage Eumæus and Philætius in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real Ulysses. If therefore that heroe shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establishment. I will only further observe the judgment of Homer in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding it in the compass of two verses: he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story: there is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; the urgency of the time demands it, for Ulysses and Eumæus could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the suitors.

Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears followed tears; no word was in their pow'r,
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhow'r.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.

Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun;
But firſt the wiſe-man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough——on other cares your thought imploy,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis born away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.

℣. 252. *At ev'ry portal*, etc.] This is a very neceſſary injunction: Ulyſſes fears not only leſt any of the ſuitors ſhould make his eſcape, but alſo leſt any of the women who were friends to the ſuitors ſhould give information to their partiſans abroad, and introduce them to their aſſiſtance. Euſtathius.

This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands;
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe; for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends?
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry ſhore)
But baffled thus! confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakneſs ſcorn? Antinous thus reply'd.
Not ſo, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cauſe.

ỳ. 266. *Not the loſt nuptials*———] No doubt but Eurymachus miſrepreſents his real ſentiments, when he makes the loſs of Penelope of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have uſed our utmoſt endeavours to obtain our deſires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loſes its value, and we would be thought to deſpiſe it. To be eaſy under any diſappointment is the reſult of reaſon; but to ſeem to deſpiſe what we have been very ſolicitous to obtain, ariſes from the pride of our natures, which perſuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been diſappointed: the remedy for this diſeaſe of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the balance even in all our affairs, that the ſcale be not raiſed too high or depreſſed too low.

Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtriſe forgo,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt off'rings let Melanthius bring;
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſie wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That right compleat, up-roſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began.

℣. 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day.*] Antinous in this reply, ſpeaks, as well as Eurymachus, with diſſimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reaſon, and therefore invents a falſe one: the true reaſon why he defers the trial of the bow is, becauſe he fears his inability to draw it: the feigned reaſon is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be obſerved religiouſly, and he inſinuates that all ſports upon it are a prophanation of it; and conſequently, Apollo being provoked, diſables them from drawing the bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reaſon why he propoſes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuſe of the day by their diverſions. But perhaps the reaſon why Antinous defers the exerciſe of the bow to the following

lowing

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But since 'till then, this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;

lowing day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it on the festival of Apollo; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? I should therefore rather conclude that the impiety intended by Antinous, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they begun the trial, that he might prosper their endeavours: the conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable: "Let us now defer the "experiment, and offer sacrifice in the morning to A-"pollo, that he may give us success in drawing the "bow;" which implies that they were unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. I will only add that Antinous mentions a goat as an offering to Apollo; we have before seen bulls, sheep and bullocs offered to that deity; the reason why a goat is a proper victim, I suppose is because he is a rural god, and patron of shepherds, and therefore all kinds of beasts were offered to him promiscuously.

If yet this arm its antient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continu'd train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man.

Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the ſuitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: O miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt!
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;

℣. 318. *Pirithous' roofs*, etc.] The ſtory of the Centaur is this: Pirithous a Lapithite, marrying Hippodamia the daughter of Adraſtus, invited the Centaurs and Lapithæ to his nuptials; the Centaurs drinking to great exceſs, and offering violence to the bride, engaged them in a quarrel; Eurytion was the perſon who began the diſorder, and the war that enſued became fatal to the whole nation of the Centaurs. Horace alludes to this hiſtory.

At nequis modici tranſiliat munera liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
Debellata———

The Lapithites were a people of Theſſaly inhabiting the mountains Pindus and Othrys; the Centaurs were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount Pelion. This war between the Lapithites and the Centaurs probably laſt-

Boundleſs the Centaur rag'd; 'till one and all
The heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curſt,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.

ed about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of Pirithous, and on the day that his ſon Polypætes was born, he obtained a deciſive victory over the Centaurs, and drove them from mount Pelion. Thus *lib.* 2. *ver.* 900. of the Iliad.

Thy troops, Argiſſa, Polypætes leads
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades;
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace,
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled.

This hiſtory is at large related by Ovid, Metamorph. 12. He calls Eurytion by the name of Eurytus, and deſcribes the nuptial feaſt in a cave, and not in the palace of Pirithous. Thus Mr. Dryden:

In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride, at once, reſolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and faſt'ning on her hair
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair:
'Twas Eurytus began.——

Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.

To this the queen her juſt diſlike expreſt:
'Tis impious, prince! to harm the ſtranger-gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect Telemachus may claim.
What if th' immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring ſtranger for my lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.

O fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmize, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all arraigning voice of fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave chief whoſe bow they cou'd not bend!

"In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
"And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen. If fame ingage your views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;

ỳ. 357. ——— *If fame engage your views,*
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues.]

This anſwer of Penelope is very ſevere and very juſt: Eurymachus (obſerves Dacier) had ſaid, if this beggar draws the bow, we ſhall loſe our reputation: Penelope anſwers, it is in vain to be ſolicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a ſeries of infamous actions: fame is the reward of good, and ſhame the portion of baſe and unworthy deeds: it is no diſhonour to a prince to be ſurpaſſed by a beggar in ſtrength, but a prince is more infamous than a beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worſe man; a baſe action ſinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in Homer are τί ἐλέγχεα ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which Euſtathius thus explains; why do you overlook the greater diſhonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds Dacier, the ſentiment is juſt and happy: theſe princes place diſgrace where it is not; they think it a ſhame to yield in ſtrength to this ſtranger, which is really no ſhame; meer ſtrength is the praiſe of a beaſt, not of a prince: on the contrary, what is really a ſhame, they think to be none; they prey upon a king, who was a friend to all mankind, they act a thouſand inſolent and baſe deeds, and yet apprehend no diſcredit. This is an unhappy, and I wiſh it were an unjuſt, picture of human nature; we deceive ourſelves with falſe notions both of ſhame and glory, and we may apply the words of Terence to this purpoſe:

Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms deſcend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh queen! thy houſhold taſk reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of the loom;

——*Hic ubi opus eſt*
Non verentur: illic ubi opus eſt ibi verentur.

Praiſe is only to be obtained by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: ill-nature or envy may eclipſe it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.

℣. 377. *Retire, oh queen!* etc.] This ſpeech has been accuſed of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſon to a mother: Telemachus ſpeaks with authority, when he ought to have ſhewed obedience and filial duty. But theſe critics miſtake the deſign and in-

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

tention of Telemachus; he speaks directly to Penelope, but obliquely and intentionally to the suitors: it is for this reason that he says he is supreme in the palace, *viz.* to let them know that he will not give up the sway into their power. He tells Penelope that the bow shall be used as he directs; this is done to intimidate the suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to Ulysses, contrary to their injunctions to Eumæus.

The verses are the same with those in the 6th of the Iliad. There Hector speaks to Andromache, a tender husband to a fond wife, and the speech was never taxed with any want of love and kindness. In that place Hector remembers that he is an husband, yet forgets not that he is an heroe. In this, Telemachus deviates not from the duty of a son, yet speaks in the character and stile of a prince.

Eustathius excellently enlarges upon the words of Telemachus: there is an absolute necessity that Penelope should withdraw, that she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the poet introduces Minerva casting her into a profound sleep, that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the suitors: this is absolutely necessary; for if she had been acquainted that Ulysses was returned, and the suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between Ulysses and Penelope in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey.

But is not Minerva introduced upon too small an occasion, only to cast Penelope into a slumber? would not nature have worked the same effect without the assistance of the goddess? I have already remarked that machines are not always used out of necessity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the poetry and create surprise by the appearance of a deity. But here the poet brings down Minerva, to give credibility to the

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as ſhe ſat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now thro' the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.

ſtory; for though it be true that nature is ſufficient to produce this effect, yet that it ſhould operate in the critical and exact moment, when the poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible: the poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural ſleep, occaſioned by the immediate operation of a goddeſs.

℣. 381. ——*the queen admir'd His ſage reply*——]
Penelope is amazed at the free remonſtrance of Telemachus; ſhe is ignorant of the reaſon of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flowed from a juſt cauſe, and not from a want of filial duty: ſhe is therefore ſaid by the poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time ſhould unfold the myſtery. Dacier.

Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on.
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand,
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expell!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus incourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)

℣. 407. *The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile*, etc.] Spondanus believes they laugh out of contempt of Telemachus; Dacier, becauſe they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of Penelope; they hope to draw the bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all theſe reaſons (as well as thoſe of Euſtathius) ſeem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a ſufficient reaſon of their laughter, from the ſharpneſs of Telemachus towards Eumæus; they rejoice to ſee an enemy (for ſuch they eſteem Eumæus) miſuſed, and this will likewiſe give a reaſon why the poet adds that they ceaſed their anger againſt Telemachus, namely, becauſe he gratifies their ill-will by threatening Eumæus.

℣. 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins*, etc.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from Te-

At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labors of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
The utmoſt gate; (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Egypt brought;)
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent, at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

lemachus but Ulyſſes: it was Ulyſſes who gave directions to ſhut the door of the womens apartment; but Eumæus is ignorant that Euryclea was acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, and therefore ſpeaks as from Telemachus. He knew very well that ſhe would obey the orders of Telemachus, but if ſhe had not been acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, ſhe would have made ſome heſitation, believing the beggar to be really a ſtranger and not Ulyſſes. Euſtathius.

℣. 423. ——— *(the cable ſtrongly wrought Of Byblos' reed,* ———]

The word in the Greek is βύβλινον, which we are not to underſtand of the Ægyptian Papyrus, but it is derived from βίβλος or βύβλος, a plant growing in the marſhes of Ægypt, βοτάνης ἐμφερὴς παπύρῳ, that bears the reſemblance of the Papyrus, as Euſtathius explains it. Of this plant the antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads reſembling hair, and thus Strabo deſcribes it, ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα

And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent, and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding——How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals.——
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.

χαῖτω, a ſlender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it,

℣. 428. *Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inſerted in vain: Ulyſſes is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very neceſſary to be curious in the examination of the bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it; if he had obſerved that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furniſhed him with ſome other inſtrument. Euſtathius is of opinion that this whole bow was made of horn, becauſe ἶπες denotes worms that breed in horn: the bow, ſays that author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the Scythian bows. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is not entirely ſatisfactory, becauſe the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn Ulyſſes may refer: but the other opinion is moſt probable, and Ovid thus underſtood it:

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu
Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat.

Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute reſits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.

ỳ. 440. *Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel*, etc.] Euſtathius confeſſes himſelf to be greatly pleaſed with this compariſon; it is very juſt, and well ſuited to the purpoſe; the ſtrings of the lyre repreſent the bow-ſtring, and the eaſe with which the lyriſt ſtretches them, admirably paints the facility with which Ulyſſes draws the bow. When ſimilitudes are borrowed from an object entirely different from the ſubject which they are brought to illuſtrate, they give us a double ſatisfaction, as they ſurprize us by ſhewing an agreement between ſuch things in which there ſeems to be the greateſt diſagreement.

ỳ. 448. ——— *the ſtring let fly*
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.] The compariſon is not intended to repreſent the ſweetneſs of the ſound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harſh or jarring ſound, or ſomewhat rough, ὑπότραχυ, as Euſtathius interprets it; ſuch a ſound as the ſwallow makes when ſhe ſings by ſtarts, and not in one even tenour. The ſwallow is inharmonious, and Ariſtophanes uſes χελιδόνων μουσεῖα in his frogs, to ſignify thoſe who are enemies to the muſes; and here

A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: the unfolding ſky
In light'ning burſt; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of heav'n's almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death.)
  Now ſitting as he was, the chord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releaſt, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and thredded ev'ry ring.

the poet uſes it to denote a ſhrill, harſh, or jarring ſound.

℣. 452. *Signs from above enſu'd*———] The ſignal of battle is here given in thunder by Jupiter, as in the eleventh book of the Iliad.

Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field,

And again,

That inſtant Juno and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid

This prepares us for the greatneſs of the following action, which is uſhered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not ſurprized to ſee Ulyſſes defeat his enemies, when Jupiter declares himſelf in his favour. Homers calls this thunder a ſign and a prodigy: it is a ſign, becauſe it predicts the event; and a prodigy, be-

The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
  Then to the prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That antient vigor, once my pride and boaſt,
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſte the preſent hour imploy,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night,
Muſic, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.

cauſe the thunder proceeds from a ſerene ſky. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 467. ———*nor have I loſt*
That antient vigor———]
Ulyſſes ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of Telemachus, and his two friends, Eumæus and Philætius. He ſets his vigor before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement.

ỳ. 471. *In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour imploy,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning———]
This circumſtance is very neceſſary; Ulyſſes excites the ſuitors to ſupper by day-light, becauſe it would be more eaſy for him to aſſault them while they ſate at table: the poſture would give him ſome advantage; and he adds *before evening*, becauſe if they had ſupped by the light of the torch, upon extinguiſhing it, they had greatly embarraſſed him, and perhaps rendered his deſigns ineffectual through the benefit of the darkneſs. Neither is it without reaſon that he propoſes ſinging and muſic; he does it to draw away their thoughts

He ſaid; then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

from any jealouſy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the aſſault unexpectedly, and begins the ſlaughter before they are prepared to make any oppoſition.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The death of the ſuitors.

Ulyſſes begins the ſlaughter of the ſuitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrows at the reſt. Telemachus aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eumæus and Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of Mentor. The ſuitors are all ſlain, only Medon and Phemius are ſpared. Melanthius and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowlege their maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.

THEN fierce the heroe o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore;

NOTES.

• We are now come to the great event or cataſtrophe of the Odyſſey, which is the deſtruction of the ſuitors. The manner by which the poet conducts it, has been praiſed and cenſured, by ſome as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: it is therefore highly neceſſary to vindicate Homer in the chief action of

Before his feet the ratling ſhow'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the ſuitor crew.

the whole poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the moſt exact and draw his heroe to the beſt advantage. The objection made againſt this deciſive action is, that the poet makes Ulyſſes perform impoſſibilities; no one perſon, with ſuch ſmall aſſiſtance, being able to deſtroy above an hundred enemies. It is no anſwer to ſay that Pallas deſcends to aid Ulyſſes; for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that they may be ſubſtracted from it without deſtroying it; whereas this action is eſſential to it. No leſs a critic than Longinus, *chap.* 7. condemns Homer; for enumerating the faults of the Odyſſey, he thus proceeds: "To theſe may be "added the abſurdities he commits, in the account of "the deſtruction of Penelope's ſuitors." And Scaliger, *lib.* 5. of his Poetics is of the ſame opinion: *Ulyſſes interfecit arcu procos, inter quos et ipſum tantillum eſſet intervalli: quare omnes ſimul in eum impetum non fecerunt?* the ſtrength of this objection lies in the omiſſion of the ſuitors in not ruſhing at once upon Ulyſſes in an united body: now this was impoſſible; he ſtood upon the threſhold in a narrow paſs, and by this advantage he was able to make it good againſt a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring inſtances of a like nature from undoubted hiſtory: Cocles alone defended the bridge over the Tyber againſt the whole army of Porſena, and ſtood unmoveable till the Romans broke it down behind him. And Leonidas the Spartan general defended the paſs of Thermopylæ with a ſmall number, againſt three millions of Perſians led by Xerxes; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both theſe inſtances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between Ulyſſes and the ſuitors. The reader will be re-

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;

conciled to the probability of these relations, if he considers that the whole business of war was antiently decided by mere strength of body: fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer level; but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest heroe; a man of superior and uncommon strength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident that Homer scarce transgresses the bounds of historic truth, when he describes Achilles chasing whole squadrons of Trojans: he wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, though sometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his heroe: thus in the scripture from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single Goliah defy the whole armies of Israel.

Rapin commends the conduct of Homer in bringing about the destruction of the suitors. The unravelling the whole Odyssey (says that author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an heroe; that whole story is dressed up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here Homer has displayed himself to the best advantage. I wish Rapin had given his reasons, and not run into a general commendation: but we shall be sufficiently convinced of the judgment of Homer in describing the suitors falling chiefly by Ulysses, if we consider the nature of epic poetry. The chief action is to be performed by the heroe of the poem: thus Hector falls by Achilles, Turnus by Æneas: the death of the suitors is the chief action of the Odyssey, and therefore it is necessarily to be executed by Ulysses; for if any other person had performed it, that person would have done an action more noble than the heroe of the poem, and eclipsed his glory. It is for the same reason that the poet refuses all easie methods to

Another mark our arrow muſt attain.
Phœbus aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.

re-eſtabliſh Ulyſſes: he throws him into difficulties which he is to ſurmount by his own prowefs and magnanimity. Homer might eaſily have raiſed an army, and placed Ulyſſes at the head of it; but the more difficult way being moſt conducive to his honour, he rejects all eaſie methods, ſhews him ſtruggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himſelf perſonally by his wiſdom and courage. By theſe means he compleats the character of his heroe, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the ſpectators, and makes him go off the ſtage with the utmoſt applauſe.

ỳ. 1. *Then fierce the heroe o'er the threſhold ſtrode, etc.*] Plato was particularly ſtruck with the beauty of theſe lines: in his dialogue intituled Ion, *p.* 145. Socrates thus ſpeaks: " When you repeat the verſes of " Homer emphatically, and raviſh the whole audience, " whether it be the paſſage where he ſings how Ulyſſes " leaps upon the threſhold, diſcovers himſelf to the " ſuitors, and pours his arrows before his feet; or " where Achilles ruſhes upon Hector; or where he " paints the lamentations of Hecuba, Priam, or Andromache; tell me, are you any longer maſter of your " own paſſions? are you not tranſported? and raviſhed with divine fury, think yourſelf preſent at the very actions, either in Ithaca or Troy?" It muſt indeed be allowed, that Homer here paints to the life; we ſee Ulyſſes, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onſet. The poet intereſts us in the cauſe of his heroe, and we fight on his ſide againſt his enemies.

Euſtathius obſerves that inſtead of ῥάχος, the Æolians wrote βράκος; an obſervation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of Sappho as a proof of it.

Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;

Τὶς δ' αγροιῶτις θέλγει νοὸν
Ὀυκ ἐπιςαμένη τὰ βράκεα ἕλκειν
Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;——

which he thus explains,

What rustic beauty dress'd in aukward charms
Detains my lover from his Sappho's arms?

The circumstance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inserted without a reason; Ulysses could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the quiver.

℣. 10. *Phœbus assist!*] Ulysses addresses a prayer to Apollo to give success to his present enterprize; he directs it to him, because he is the god of archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to Apollo confirms my observation, that Penelope proposed the trial of the bow in honour of that deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the Iliad, *lib.* 4.

But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow;
And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of Ulysses, as well as the prayer, is concise: it would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onset with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For fate who fear'd amidſt a feaſtful band?
And fate to numbers by a ſingle hand.
Full thro' his throat Ulyſſes' weapon paſt,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting from his noſe;

ỳ. 18. *And fate to numbers by a ſingle hand.*] This particular is very artful; the poet while he writes, ſeems to be ſurprized at the difficulty of the enterprize he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and ſtands ſtill in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it ſets the courage of Ulyſſes in a ſtrong point of light, who executes what might be almoſt thought an impoſſibility; and at the ſame time it excellently contributes to make the ſtory credible; for Homer appears to be held in ſuſpenſe by the greatneſs of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by ſeeming to make the relation improbable, the poet eſtabliſhes the probability of it. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 22. *A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting*———] The word in the original is αὐλὸς, which commonly ſignifies a pipe or muſical inſtrument: the antients (obſerves Euſtathius) uſed it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood, κρουνὸς ἐξακόντισμα αἵματος; the word therefore very happily paints the blood ſpouting from the noſtrils, as from a fountain; and in this ſenſe, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood ſprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the noſtrils.

Grim in convulſive agonies he ſprawls:
Before him ſpurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And ſpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they ſaw him fall,
Uproſe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they caſt a haggard eye
Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'ſt thou at princes? (all amaz'd they ſaid)
Thy laſt of games unhappy haſt thou play'd;
Thy erring ſhaft has made our braveſt bleed,
And death, unlucky gueſt, attends thy deed.
Vulturs ſhall tear thee——Thus incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke,

ỳ. 35. ——*thus incens'd they ſpoke,*
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke.]
This paſſage was looked upon as ſpurious by the antients; for they thought it impoſſible that all the ſuitors ſhould ſpeak the ſame ſentiment, as by compact, like a Chorus in a tragedy: they appealed to the cuſtom of Homer himſelf, who continually wrote

Ὧδε τὶς εἴπεσκεν.

Euſtathius anſwers, that the poet ſpeaks thus confuſedly, to repreſent the confuſion of the ſuitors at the death of Antinous. Dacier defends him by ſaying, that all the ſuitors imagined that Antinous was ſlain by accident, and therefore the whole aſſembly having the ſame ſentiment, the poet might aſcribe to every member of it the ſame expreſſion. Either of theſe ſolutions explains the difficulty.

Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke.

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd,

If, as thy words import, (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,

℣. 42. *Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore.*] The mention of the return of Ulysses from Troy is not inserted casually: he speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from Troy near ten years, and returns from the Phæacian, not the Trojan shores. Eustathius.

Great

Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims, but juſter Jove deny'd.

ỷ. 64. *To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expreſſion is judiciouſly inſerted, and with good reaſon put into the mouth of one of the ſuitors, namely Eurymachus. The poet is now puniſhing them for their crimes; it is therefore very neceſſary that the reader ſhould be ſatisfied that they deſerve puniſhment; for if it be not an act of juſtice, it is murder. The poet therefore brings them all confeſſing themſelves guilty by the mouth of Eurymachus; their crime is the intended murder of Telemachus, and the uſurpation of the throne of Ulyſſes. If this had not been ſet in a clear light, there might have been room for a ſuſpicion that Ulyſſes inflicted a puniſhment too great for the guilt of the ſuitors. For was it a crime that deſerved death, to aim at the marriage of Penelope? this is not to be ſuppoſed; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime aſk her in marriage. Was death due for the waſte and profuſion of the riches of Ulyſſes? This might have been redreſſed, by a full repayment, and a juſt equivalent. Homer therefore, to ſhew that there is a cauſe for the ſeverity of the puniſhment, ſets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treaſon. The place likewiſe where he inſerts this circumſtance is well choſen, *viz.* in the place where the puniſhment is related; and by this method we acknowlege the equity of it. It is true, Eurymachus throws the guilt upon Antinous as the chief offender; but all the ſuitors have been his aſſociates, and approved of all his violent and

Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince ſhall pay:
The waſte of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is juſt.———Ulyſſes burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd.

All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each ſuitor lies.
Hence with thoſe coward terms: Or fight or fly,
This choice is left ye, to reſiſt or die;
And die I truſt ye ſhall.——He ſternly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain;
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry prince lie dead.
Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards,

bloody deſigns through the Odyſſey, and therefore are juſtly involved in the ſame puniſhment; ſo that Ulyſſes puniſhes rebellious ſubjects by the authority of a king. Homer likewiſe obſerves juſtice in the death of Antinous; he is the firſt in guilt, and the firſt that falls by his heroe's hands.

ỳ. 88. *And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards.*]

(So need compells.) Then all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The city rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.
Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traytor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his lord:
The wary chief the ruſhing foe repreſt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His failing hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mixt effuſion roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver paſt the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground;

Eurymachus exhorts the ſuitors to make uſe of the tables to oppoſe Ulyſſes in the manner of ſhields; from whence, obſerves Euſtathius, it may be gathered that every ſuitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this book; for when Antinous falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown: beſides he ſpeaks in the plural number, τραπέζας.

℣. 91. *The city rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte.*] It is impoſſible but that the ſuitors muſt have many friends amongſt the Ithacans. Intereſt or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the ſenſe of Homer: the Ithacans were ignorant that Ulyſſes was returned, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the princes of their land, againſt a ſtranger and a beggar; for ſuch in appearance was Ulyſſes.

He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.

Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the paſs: the god-like man defends.
Thy ſpear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
Thence thro' his breaſt its bloody paſſage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his cruſh'd forehead marks the ſtone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty ſpear

ỳ. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] Euſtathius, and Spondanus from him, interpret this paſſage very much to the diſadvantage of the courage of Telemachus: they obſerve that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore, wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the ſhoulders: that as ſoon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the ſpear in the wound; an action as diſreputable, as to throw away the ſhield in battle; and laſtly, that it is fear that ſuggeſts to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be diſtant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend Telemachus. Amphinomus was aſſaulting Ulyſſes, and conſequently his back was turned towards Telemachus, and this occaſions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are obſerved; Telemachus was therefore at liberty to deſtroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; eſpecially conſidering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his ſpear; but from a dictate of wiſdom: he is afraid leſt ſome of the ſuitors ſhould attack him while he is diſingaging it, and take him at an advantage, while

To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To ruſh between, and uſe the ſhorten'd ſword.
With ſpeedy ardour to his ſire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haſte he cries)
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For miſſile jav'lins, and for helm and ſhield;

he has no weapon to uſe in his own defence; beſides, he has no farther occaſion for it; he haſtes away to provide other arms; not only for himſelf, but for Ulyſſes and his friends; and this is ſo far from being the ſuggeſtion of fear, that it is the reſult of wiſdom.

There is ſome difficulty in the expreſſion προπρήνεϊ τύψας; the meaning of it is, leſt he ſhould receive a deſcending blow: the word is an adjective, and Euſtathius tells us that χειρὶ is to be underſtood; I ſhould rather chuſe φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes, it being as good ſenſe to ſay, a wound is given by a deſcending ſword, as a deſcending hand.

℣. 117. ———*arm (in haſte he cries)*] Homer almoſt conſtantly gives the epithet πτερόεντα to ἔπεα; *winged words*. Plutarch, in his treatiſe upon Garrulity, gives us the meaning of it. A word (ſays that author) while it remains unſpoken is a ſecret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reaſon why Homer calls words *winged*: he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not eaſily catch it again; and he that lets a word ſlip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in ſome paſſages a ſtill cloſer meaning; when a perſon ſpeaks with precipitation, the epithet expreſſes the ſwiftneſs of the ſpeech, the words are winged; it is here applied with particular propriety; Telemachus aſks a queſtion in the compaſs of four lines, and receives an anſwer in two from Ulyſſes; the time not allowing any delay.

Faſt by our ſide let either faithful ſwain
In arms attend us, and their part ſuſtain.
  Haſte and return (Ulyſſes made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar ſhafts this hand ſupply;
Leſt thus alone, encounter'd by an hoſt,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important paſs be loſt.
  With ſpeed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent ſpears,
And four broad bucklers, to his ſire he bears:
At once in brazen Panoply they ſhone,
At once each ſervant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they ſtand,
While yet each ſhaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And ſwell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his ſtore of flying fates was ſpent,
Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent:
And now his ſhoulders bear the maſſy ſhield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield;
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high creſt, and caſt a dreadful ſhade.

℣. 137. *Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent.*] The poet may be thought too circumſtantial in the diſpoſal of the bow; but there is a reaſon for it; he ſhews Ulyſſes placed it out of the reach of the ſuitors, who, if they had ſeized the bow, might have furniſhed themſelves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them againſt Ulyſſes: this caution was therefore neceſſary. Euſtathius.

There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the ſubject town.

ỳ. 142. *There ſtood a window near, whence looking down,*
From o'er the porch, appear'd the ſubject town.] The word in the Greek is ὀρσοθύρη, *janua ſuperior*, and it is likewiſe uſed a little lower. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the ſituation of theſe two paſſages. Dacier imagines that by the former there was a deſcent into the court-yard, and ſo to the ſtreet; but this cannot be true: for Agelaus exhorting his aſſociates to ſeize this paſſage, makes uſe of the word ἀναβαίνω, which ſignifies to *aſcend*, and not to *deſcend* into the court-yard: beſides, he bids them raiſe the people by *ſhouting to them*, which ſeems to imply, that this place overlooked the ſtreets, from whence a ſhout might be heard by the people. Ὀρσοθύρη (obſerves Euſtathius) is θύρη εἰς ἣν ὄρνυταί τις θέλων ἰδεῖν ἐκεῖθεν, that is, *a door by which a perſon aſcends to obtain a proſpect*: this probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the ſtreet, from whence a perſon ſtandingin the open air, and ſhouting, might raiſe the city; or as for greater clearneſs it is here tranſlated a window, which anſwers all theſe purpoſes.

But there is ſtill a difficulty ariſing from the word λαύρην, which is thus ſolved by Euſtathius; λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρσοθύρην ἄγων στενωπὸς, that is, a narrow paſſage leading to this private window or door; and he afterwards interprets it by στενὴ ὁδὸς.

From what has been obſerved, it appears evidently that there was another paſſage to the upper apartments of the palace: for this was guarded by Eumæus, and was inacceſſible, and conſequently Melanthius conveys the arms to the ſuitors by ſome other ſtair-caſe. This Homer expreſſes by ἀναῤῥῶγας μεγάροιο; the former word is very well explained by Heſychius; it ſignifies the paſſages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διόδοι of the apartments. Ῥωγ... properly

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaus thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.

Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtrait.

denotes a rupture, and here repreſents the openings of the paſſages from room to room. The antients thought this whole paſſage ſo obſcure, that they drew a plan of theſe inward paſſages of the palace, as Euſtathius informs us; in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other ſtair-caſe, and the room where the arms were laid. But Dacier ſtarts another difficulty: if Melanthius could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raiſe the city? the anſwer is, becauſe the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no paſſage from thence into the palace yards. Her miſtake aroſe from her opinion that there was an entery into the palace by the ὀρσοθύρη, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed Telemachus had brought down the arms this way, then there muſt have been a paſſage for Melanthius to the place from whence Agelaus bids him raiſe the city; for if Telemachus had paſſed to the armory by it, why might not Melanthius from it? But this is not the caſe; for this door or window is not mentioned till Telemachus has furniſhed Ulyſſes and his friends with armour; and conſequently Homer cannot intend that we ſhould underſtand that Telemachus aſcended to the armory by it.

But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.

He ſaid; and mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.

The heroe ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On ev'ry ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd———
Oh my dear ſon!——— The father, with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.

Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:

℣. 159. *Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] Ariſtarchus, remarks Euſtathius, blamed this deſcription as incredible; for how could one perſon be able to carry ſuch a load of armour at one time? but we are not to make this ſuppoſition; the poet ſpeaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that Melanthius brought them at ſeveral times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furniſh the reſt of the ſuitors.

℣. 172. *Run, good Eumæus*, etc.] This paſſage, where Telemachus bids Eumæus go and ſee who brings the

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.

While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain.
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide.

The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, ſhall I ſlay?

arms, proves that Telemachus did not before abſent himſelf from the battle out of cowardice; here he chuſes to partake the danger with Ulyſſes, and ſends Eumæus and Philætius to execute his orders; a ſign that he does not conſult his ſafety at the expence of his honour. Euſtathius.

But it may ſeem extraordinary, that Ulyſſes and Telemachus ſhould be in doubt to know the perſon who brought the arms to the ſuitors; eſpecially when Agelaus had held a public conference with Melanthius in order to it; but, anſwers Euſtathius, they ſpoke with a low voice, and at a proper diſtance from Ulyſſes. It may alſo be objected, that Melanthius could not poſſibly bring the arms without the obſervation of Ulyſſes and his friends. To ſolve this difficulty we muſt have recourſe to the ſecond private door, or ὀρσοθύρη, mentioned in a former annotation: by this paſſage he aſcends and deſcends without a diſcovery; that paſſage ſtanding in ſuch a ſituation, as not to be viſible to thoſe who were on the oppoſite ſide of the palace. What may ſeem to contradict this obſervation is, what Homer afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that Eumæus obſerved that the perſon who brought the arms was Melanthius; but that expreſſion may only imply, that he ſaw Melanthius going from the reſt of the company, and haſting toward that aſcent, and therefore juſtly concludes him to be the perſon.

Or drive him hither, to receive the meed,
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
  Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care;
Within the ſtricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this, his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend;
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
  The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſt,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes:
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,

℣. 187. *To keep inclos'd his maſters*——] It may be aſked, when Eumæus retires from the guard of the paſſage, what hinders the ſuitors from ſeizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What Ulyſſes here ſays obviates this objection. He tells Eumæus, that he and Telemachus will defend it againſt all the efforts of his enemies: by this expreſſion he gives us to underſtand, that Telemachus ſhall poſt himſelf in the place of Eumæus, and make it good till he has executed juſtice upon Melanthius.

℣. 197. *One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield.*] We ſee Melanthius after a diligent ſearch finds only one helm and one ſhield; and the ſhield is deſcribed as almoſt ſpoiled with age: from hence Euſtathius gathers that there were no more left in the armory; for it is

Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtept,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leapt;
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous ſwains fulfil
At ev'ry point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
 Eumæus ſcoffing, then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, oh gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the ſuitors feaſt.
 This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dang'rous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When lo! deſcending to her heroe's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, war's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd.

probable that Melanthius would not have returned with ſo few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decayed ſhield, if he could have ſupplied

Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend;
Oh ev'ry ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
What-e'er through life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt loud-threat'ning, *Agelaus* cry'd.

Mentor, beware, nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forſeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.

ſupplied himſelf with a ſtronger; ſo that all the arms of Ulyſſes were ſeventeen helmets, twelve at firſt delivered to the ſuitors by Melanthius, one more he was now bringing, and Ulyſſes and his friends were in poſſeſſion of four: there were the ſame number of ſhields, and twenty ſpears, twelve given to the ſuitors, and eight to the aſſiſtance of Ulyſſes. This was his private armory for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that theſe were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a public repoſitory for armour for the public uſe of their armies againſt their enemies.

His barb'rous insult ev'n the goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires.
Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?

℣. 246. *Art thou Ulysses, etc.*] Pallas is here an allegorical deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by Ulysses in the destruction of the suitors: the poet puts the words into the mouth of a goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his poetry; but they are only the suggestions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: the poet indeed was obliged to introduce a deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole poem: thus Jupiter assists Æneas in Virgil; Minerva, Achilles in the Iliad, and the same goddess Ulysses here in the Odyssey. I very well know, that all these passages have been blamed by some critics, as derogatory to the courage of these heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but through the assistance of a deity. The reader may be pleased to look back for a full vindication of Homer and Virgil, to Lib. 3. Note 43. of the Odyssey.

We may observe that a deity descends to assist Ulysses, but that the suitors are left to their own conduct: this furnishes us with a very just and pious moral, and teaches us that heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies.

If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done,
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!

She ſpoke; but willing longer to ſurvey
The ſire and ſon's great acts, with-held the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level'd pois'd the wings of victory: 260
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the riſing fight.

ỳ. 262. *Perch'd like a ſwallow* ——] We have ſeen the deities, both in the Iliad and Odyſſey, changing themſelves into the ſhape of birds: thus, lib. 7. v. 67. of the Iliad,

Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſt ſurvey,
In form like vulturs, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

This perhaps may be the occaſion of all ſuch fictions. The ſuperſtition of the heathen world induced the antients to believe that the appearance of any bird in a critical hour, was a ſign of the preſence of a divinity, and by degrees they began to perſuade themſelves, that the gods appeared to them in the form of thoſe birds. Hence aroſe all the honours paid to augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds: and almoſt every deity had a bird ſacred to him. The eagle to Jupiter, the peacock to Juno, *etc.* Pallas here takes the form of a ſwallow, becauſe it is a

Damaſtor's ſon, bold Agelaus, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive,
The beſt of all the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſp'rate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaus rouz'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them in her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
The ſtorm paſt innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now, brave friends, our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed them heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.

domeſtic bird, and therefore may be ſaid to appear within the walls of the palace with moſt probability.

That impious race to all their paſt miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulyſſes ſlew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumaeus, falls;
Their fall in thunder ecchoes round the walls.
The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteely ſhow'r;
Again made fruſtrate by the virgin pow'r.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall,
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs, on the pavement ſounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin caſt;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd;

℣. 298. ——— *The victors now advance,*
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.] The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, Ulyſſes advances from his ſtand: there was a neceſſity for this conduct; Ulyſſes and his three aſſiſtants had killed four enemies with their ſpears; and conſequently the poet was obliged to ſupply them with freſh weapons, otherwiſe, if they had diſcharged their ſpears once more, they muſt have been left naked and defenceleſs, having only two a-piece brought by Telemachus. This obſervation ſhews the exactneſs which Homer maintains in his relation.

And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd,
On good Eumaeus' shield and shoulder glanc'd;
Not lessen'd of their force, so slight the wound;
Each sung along, and drop'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain;
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philaetius gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts, and high disdain;
Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

℣. 323. *The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.*] This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth book of the Odyssey, where Ctesippus throws the foot of a bullock at Ulysses. Philaetius here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. Eustathius informs us, that this became a proverb, *τοῦτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξεινήϊον,* to express a return of evil for evil; the like may be observed of the death of Antinous, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

Which is exactly rendered by our proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.* Thus likewise the kindness of Cyclops was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility, that

Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtorides that inſtant fell;
Faſt by, Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.

Now Pallas ſhines confeſs'd; aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful Ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, diſtracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.

monſter having promiſed Ulyſſes mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him laſt. Theſe little inſtances prove the great veneration the antients had for Homer.

℣. 332. *The dreadful Ægis* ——] This ſhield is at large deſcribed, lib. 5. of the Iliad.

—— round the margin roll'd;
A fringe of ſerpents, hiſſing, guard the gold;
Here all the terrors of grim war appear;
Here rages force, here tremble flight and fear;
Here ſtorm'd contention, and here fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We ſee the terrible effects which the ſhield cauſes are created by the poet into a kind of beings, and animated to fight on the ſide of his hero.

℣. 335. *Like oxen,* etc] The fury of the battle being now over, Homer pauſes with the action; and

Not half so keen, fierce vulturs of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race.

letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrors they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of Ulysses and his assistants, the hawks their courage, and superior power. Eustathius.

Virgil at large describes this breeze fly. Georg. 3.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oestros the Grecians call, Asylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze: their stings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood,
Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry, etc. Dryd.

This description shews that this is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the suitors flying in an herd, and Ulysses wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the antient manner of that sport. It is evident, says Dacier, that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practised by the antients: the nets called by Homer νέφεα, were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers, with their falcons, took their station upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crouded into flocks; then the hawk, or vultur, was loosed, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for

When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:

the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: this is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: a plain indication, that the poet intended to describe the sportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word *νέφεα* signifies *nets*, is evident from Aristophanes, *μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα,* that is, *I swear by my nets:* Hesychius is of the same opinion, *νέφεα*, says that author, signifies the *clouds*, καὶ λίνα θηρατικὰ, *hunters nets*. Eustathius directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practised in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called *νεφελοςασία*. That author construes these words *νέφεα πτώσσουσαι ἵενται*, as if *ἐπὶ* were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining *νέφεα* with *πτώσσουσαι*, the period will be plain, and signify, that thro' fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. M. Dacier has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the antients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of Homer: this is manifest from a passage in Arrian, l. 2. c. 1. where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: *Λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν ὅτε φοβῦνται φεύγουσαι αἱ ἔλαφοι τὰ πτηνὰ, ποῦ τρέπονται; καὶ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωροῦσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, καὶ οὕτως ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερὰ καὶ τὰ θαρραλέα;* "For "what remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the "birds that are flown at them, what course do they "take? to what place of refuge do they run to be in "security? to the nets, and so perish, mistaking their "danger for their greatest safety." Minerva, in this similitude, is the bird of prey descending from the moun-

No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying grone,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.

Liodes firſt before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls.

tain, for ſhe it is who ſcatters the ſuitors by diſplaying her Ægis from the roof of the palace: this is the opinion of Euſtathius: but in the winding up of the compariſon, Homer plainly by the vultur denotes Ulyſſes and his aſſiſtants (though perhaps not excluſively of the goddeſs,) for in the application he writes,

Ὥς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπεσσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα
Τύπτον. ———

✱. 347. *Liodes firſt before the victor falls:*
The wretched augur ———]

This Liodes is the laſt perſon who ſurvives of the ſuitors; he was an augur and a prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wiſer counſels: he tells Ulyſſes that he endeavoured to reſtrain the ſuitors from their inſolence; but he himſelf aſpired to the bed of Penelope, and conſequently was an aſſociate in their conſpiracies. Liodes falls without reſiſtance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have repreſented him encountring Ulyſſes in a ſingle combat, when above an hundred had not been able to ſtand before him: beſides, fighting is out of the character of Liodes; he was not a man of the ſword, but an augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging Ulyſſes; and conſequently it is with great propriety that he is deſcribed falling not as a warrior, but as a ſuppliant.

O gracious hear, nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd or by word or deed
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they hear'd me when I counſell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead.

Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made;
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaus' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the heav'n-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,

ỳ. 372. *Dubious ——— if to fly*
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, etc.]
This altar of Jupiter Hercaeus ſtood in the palace-yard; ſo called from ἕρκος, *the out-wall encloſing the court-yard.* It ſtood in the open air, where they ſacrificed to Ju-

Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.

piter the guardian, or protector; and within the palace to Ζεὺς ἑρκεῖος.

Jupiter was worshipped under the same name by the Romans. Thus Ovid,

Cui nihil Hercaei profuit ara Jovis.

The altar mentioned by Virgil, Æneid. 2. was of the same nature: to which Priam fled at the taking of Troy.

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a lawrel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whose boughs encompass round
The houshold gods, and shade the holy ground.

These altars were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevailed amongst the Jews; for we find frequently in the scriptures, that it was customary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expression of laying hold on the horns of the altar. This is the reason why Phemius entertains an intention to fly to the altar of Jupiter Hercaeus. Plutarch, in his treatise upon music, informs us, that Demodocus was reported to have wrote a poem, intitled, *The destruction of Troy:* and Phemius another, called, *The return of the Grecian captains:* but by these poets, Homer probably means only himself, who was author of two poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer, remarks Eustathius, plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good poet. He must sing of men and gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things, both human and divine; he must be αὐτοδίδακτος, or *self-taught;* that is, as we express it, he must

His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne:

be a genius; he muſt have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned by ſtudy: he adds, that beſides this felicity of nature, he muſt have an heavenly inſpiration; this implies that he muſt have a kind of enthuſiaſm, an elevation of ſoul which is not to be obtained by labour and induſtry, and conſequently is the gift of heaven. Thus Pindar,

——— σοφὸς ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ.
Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι
Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακες ὥς,
Ἄκραντα γαρύετον.

The bards, whom true poetic flame inſpires,
Receive from nature more than human fires;
In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
Like crows they croak, nor is it ſong, but noiſe.

This is the *mens divinior* of Horace: by induſtry men may become great ſcholars and philoſophers; but no man was ever a great poet, without being in the ſtricteſt ſenſe a great genius. I will only add, that Ariſtotle in his Rhet. 1. 7. quotes this hemiſtic *αὐτοδίδακτος, etc.* as an inſtance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities; he gives the reaſon of it; namely, becauſe they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human induſtry. Maximus Tyrius has a criticiſm upon it. How, objects that author, can it be ſaid, that the poet is ſelf-taught, if the gods teach him to ſing? The anſwer is eaſy, Homer means, that he has no human inſtructor, and only oppoſes natural to acquired abilities. It is obſervable, that Maximus Tyri-

Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus, with accent ſoft began.

O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by heav'n and heav'n alone
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay
Nor ſervile flatt'ry ſtain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.

us erroneouſly quotes the verſe, Diſſert. 22. for he writes, Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἄπασαν ὀμφὴν, inſtead of

——— Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἴμας
Παντοίας ἀνέφυσεν ———

He likewiſe puts the words in the mouth of Demodocus, which are here ſpoken by Phemius; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What Homer adds after all this, to raiſe the character of his poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he ſerved or entertained unworthy men, but was merely compelled to it by their violence.

Oh mix not, father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new-ſlain oxe's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his ſkreen aſide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:

O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon ſtands;
Ah ſtop the hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood,
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.

To whom Ulyſſes with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed:

℣. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed.*] The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the Odyſſey is, to ſhew virtue, though long in diſtreſs, at length triumphant; and vice, though long ſucceſsful, unfortunate in the concluſion: it is to this effect that Ulyſſes here ſpeaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a ſentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by Homer: the puniſhment is no ſooner over but Ulyſſes declares the equity

Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires — With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.

Mean-while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,

of it; he speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth that virtue is to be preferred before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the suitors.

ỽ. 425. *So, when by hollow shores the fisher train*
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.]
The antients, remarks Eustathius, observed, that this is the only place where Homer manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets; for those words, lib. 5. v. 595. of the Iliad,

——— *and sweep away*
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey:

which, in the Greek, is expressed by ἀψῖσι λίνε ἁλόντε πανάγρε, may be applied to the taking of beasts or birds by nets, and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this art was practis-

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey,
'Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea, to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,

ed very antiently amongst the Grecians; it was likewise known early to the Hebrews and Ægyptians. Thus Isaiah xix. 8. *The fishers* (of Ægypt) *shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.* And that they fished the seas with nets is evident from Ezek. xxvi. 5. *It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.* The comparison is very just; and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to Ulysses: that hero is the sun who kills the suitors, in application of the similitude.

℣. 440. *So the grim lion,* etc.] Eustathius agrees with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the Odyssey, lib. 16. He here remarks, that comparisons are as rare in the Odyssey as they are frequent in the Iliad; and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: the subject of the Iliad is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble images,

His breaſt with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
  Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
A ſcream of joy her feeble voice eſſay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly ſaid.
  Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feaſt thy ſecret ſoul.
T' inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt;
Fate, and their crime, have ſunk them to the duſt;

and a variety of ſublime compariſons: the ſubject of the Odyſſey requires to be related in a leſs exalted ſtile, and with greater ſimplicity. This book is an undeniable teſtimony of the truth of this obſervation: the ſtory of it approaches nearer to the nature of the Iliad than any other book of the Odyſſey, and we find it is more adorned with compariſons than almoſt all the reſt of the poem.

℣. 450. *T' inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζα, and here ſignifies a *voice of joy*. In other places it is uſed to denote a *ſorrowful lamentation*. See note 49. of the third Odyſſey. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the noble ſentiment of Ulyſſes contained in theſe lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good-nature feels for the ſufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in puniſhment we are to remember, that thoſe we puniſh are men, and inflict it as a neceſſary juſtice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of Ulyſſes; he is ſo far from rejoicing in his ſucceſs, that he reſtrains others from it; and ſeems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the ſame thought with Job xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the deſtruction of him that hated me, or lifted up my*

Nor heeded theſe the cenſure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Juſtly the price of worthleſsneſs they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented ſhade.
But thou ſincere! Oh Euryclea, ſay,
What maids diſhonour us, and what obey?

ſelf when evil found him, if I ſuffered my mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul, etc.

Were a prince, who makes war for glory, to ſtand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidſt the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would ſurely mortify his ambition to ſee ſuch horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thouſands of brave men were weighed in a ſcale againſt a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reaſon held the balance, how eaſily would the diſproportion be diſcovered!

℣. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There is ſome obſcurity in theſe words, *they neither reſpected the good nor the bad man*; or, as Homer expreſſes it,

Οὐ κακὸν οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and conſequently it is a crime to deny it; but why ſhould it be objected to the ſuitors as a fault that they deſpiſed the bad man, whoſe actions deſerve to be deſpiſed? Euſtathius anſwers, κακὸς may ſignify ταπεινὸς, or a perſon of a low condition, the poor man, or the ſtranger; and this juſtifies the aſſertion: but perhaps the poet uſes it to ſhew that they deſpiſed and outraged all men univerſally without diſtinction, whether perſons of probity or diſhoneſty; they conſidered not the condition of others, but were inſolent to all mankind.

Then ſhe: In theſe thy kingly walls remain
(My ſon) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And ſervitude with pleaſing taſks deceive;
Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chaſte Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.

ỳ. 462. *Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, obſerves monſieur Bayle, that of fifty women, ſo few as twelve only ſhould yield to the deſires of the ſuitors. But it is not indeed affirmed, that the reſt were ever tempted by any importunities. Plutarch, in his treatiſe of Education, informs us, that Bion wittily applied this paſſage to the ſtudy of the ſciences: when the ſuitors failed in their attempts upon Penelope, they condeſcended to addreſs her maids: ſo men who are not capable of underſtanding philoſophy, buſy themſelves with ſtudies of no value.

ỳ. 464. *Nor fits it that Telemachus command*
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.] This, remarks Euſtathius, is an inſtance of the maternal wiſdom of Penelope; and, at the ſame time, a vindication of Telemachus, for not reſtraining the inſolence and immodeſty of theſe female ſervants; they were out of his juriſdiction, and immediately under the protection of Penelope. But is not this removal of the fault from Telemachus, an imputation upon the queen? and if the ſon wanted an excuſe for not puniſhing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the diſorder of their lives, but forbids Telemachus to redreſs it? Is it to be ſuppoſed that this chaſte matron was more indulgent to female frailty than Telemachus? The true reaſon is, Telemachus could not,

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where ſlumbers ſoft now cloſe the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—The matron cry'd;
Not ſo (Ulyſſes more ſedate reply'd)
Bring firſt the crew who wrought theſe guilty deeds.
In haſte the matron parts: the king proceeds.
  Now to diſpoſe the dead, the care remains
To you, my ſon, and you, my faithful ſwains;

and Penelope durſt not, ſhew a juſt reſentment againſt theſe criminals: they had too great an intereſt in the chief of the ſuitors to ſtand in awe of the queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for Penelope herſelf was, in a great meaſure, in their power, and the ſame authority that ſupported the ſuitors in their inſolence againſt the queen, would ſupport theſe females againſt her revenge for their immodeſty.

℣. 469. *Not ſo (Ulyſſes more ſedate reply'd.)*] Ulyſſes gives this injunction, becauſe he is unwilling to wound the eyes of Penelope with a ſpectacle of ſuch horror as the dead bodies and blood of the ſuitors. It was indeed neceſſary to find ſome reaſonable pretext for not introducing the queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondneſs and affection of an huſband towards a beloved wife, and therefore Ulyſſes makes even his fondneſs for her a reaſon why he delays his diſcovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with ſuch a terrible ſcene of ſlaughter: beſides, the death of the female ſervants is to ſucceed, and it would have been indecent to have made her aſſiſting or preſent at their execution. The poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the diſcovery to Penelope, in a time of leiſure, and finds an opportunity to deſcribe, at large, that ſurprizing and tender incident.

Th' offending ſemales to that taſk we doom,
To waſh, to ſcent, and purify the room.
Theſe (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon' court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging ſword ſhall ſmite them all;

ŷ. 477. ——— *the melancholy labour done)*
Drive to yon' court ———]

It would, in theſe ages, obſerves Dacier, be thought barbarous in a king to command his ſon to perform an execution of ſo much horror: but antiently it was thought no diſhonour: thus in the ſcriptures Gideon having taken Zeba and Salmana, two Midian kings, commands his ſon to kill them with the ſword in his preſence: but, continues that author, I wiſh Homer had deviated from this cuſtom, that he had given both Ulyſſes and Telemachus ſentiments of more humanity, and ſpared his reader a deſcription of ſuch a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to inhumanity more than that lady; but it may be anſwered, that Homer was obliged to write according to the cuſtom of the age. Virgil has aſcribed an act more cruel to the pious Æneas, who ſacrifices ſeveral unfortunate young men who where his captives. Æn. 11. v. 15.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear;
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood the funeral flame. Dryd.

This act is to be aſcribed to the manner of the age, and the cuſtoms of war in the days of Æneas, and not to his inhumanity: but here it may ſeem eſſential to the very nature of epic poetry to relate this act of juſtice;

So with the ſuitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.
He ſaid: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burden, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire taſk imperious from above.
With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
Waſh'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;
There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince. To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure, as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe aud name?
Thus ſpeaking on the circling wall he ſtrung
A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.

the moral of it is, to ſee the good rewarded and the wicked puniſhed, in the concluſion of the fable. Theſe criminals had been as guilty in their ſeveral capacities as the ſuitors themſelves; it was therefore neceſſary that their puniſhment ſhould be ſet before the reader, as well as that of the ſuitors.

Their heads above, connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
  Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell——
  They wash, and to Ulysses take their way,
So ends the bloody business of the day.
  To Euryclea then addrest the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,

ỷ. 505. *Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare.*] Nothing can better represent to us the image of these sufferers than this similitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or snare. Hobbes in his version has omitted it; and Dacier has abridged the whole description.

Eustathius is pleasant upon the death of these wantons. What a certain person, says he, once spoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hanged herself, viz. *I wish all trees bore such fruit;* may be applied to these ropes, *It were to be wished that all nooses could catch such birds.* This remark has escaped the notice of madam Dacier; because the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occasion to prescribe a remedy for a disease unknown to these happy ages.

To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her, with her matron-train, deſcend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin band,
Aſſemble here, to learn their lord's command.
  Then Euryclea; joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt thy royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a king.
"Bring ſulphur ſtrait and fire (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

ℽ. 527. *Bring ſulphur ſtrait and fire*——] The reaſon why Ulyſſes orders ſulphur to be brought, is, becauſe every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uſes it by way of purification. The ſame opinion prevailed amongſt the Hebrews as well as Greeks, as the ſcriptures inform us. Thus alſo in Job it is ſaid, *Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered upon his habitation*, xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this cuſtom. Livy mentions this practice amongſt the Romans, lib. 30. c. 15. *Habet et in religionibus locum ad expiandas ſuffitu domus.*

Homer deſcribes the female ſervants deſcending with torches; this is done to ſhew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day.

Ulyſſes forbids Euryclea to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inſerted with judgment; for the diſguiſe of Ulyſſes in the garb of a beggar contributes to increaſe the incredulity of Penelope, and conſequently to all thoſe doubts and fears, and that ſtruggle between the love of a huſband and the dread of an impoſtor, which are the ſubject of the ſucceeding book.

With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſt his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Euryclea awakes Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope ſcarcely credits her, but ſuppoſes ſome god has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his father.

THEN to the queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe, with eager rapture, ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

NOTES.

This book contains the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope. Monſieur Rapin is very ſevere upon ſome parts of it; whoſe objections I ſhall here recite.

The diſcovery of Ulyſſes to his queen was the moſt favourable occaſion imaginable for the poet to give us ſome of the niceſt touches of his art; but as he has ma-

And ſleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
Ulyſſes lives! ariſe, my child, ariſe!

naged it, it has nothing but faint and weak ſurprizes, cold and languiſhing aſtoniſhments, and very little of that delicacy and exquiſiteneſs which ought to expreſs a conjugal tenderneſs: he leaves his wiſe too long in doubt and diſtruſt, and ſhe is too cautious and circumſpect; the formalities ſhe obſerves in being fully aſſured, and her care to act with ſecurity, are ſet down in number and meaſure, leſt ſhe ſhould fall into any miſtake; and this particularity makes the ſtory dull, in a place that ſo much requires briſkneſs and livelineſs. Ought not the ſecret inſtinct of her love to have inſpired her with other ſentiments? and ſhould not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whiſpers more to us than the ſenſes can convey; but Homer underſtood not this philoſophy: Virgil who makes Dido foreſee that Æneas deſigns to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The ſtrength of this objection conſiſts chiefly in the long incredulity of Penelope, and the ſlowneſs ſhe uſes to make an undeniable diſcovery: this Rapin judges to be contrary to the paſſion of love, and conſequently that the poet writes unnaturally.

There is ſomewhat of the Frenchman in this criticiſm: Homer, in his opinion, wants vivacity; and if Rapin had been to have drawn Ulyſſes, we had ſeen him all tranſport and extaſy. But where there is moſt fancy, there is often the leaſt judgment. Penelope thought Ulyſſes to be dead; he had been abſent twenty years; and through abſence and his preſent diſguiſe, he was another perſon from that Ulyſſes whom ſhe knew, when he failed to Troy; ſo that he was become an abſolute ſtranger. From this obſervation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if Penelope, without full

At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! The suitors are no more!

conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real Ulysses? And how could she be convinced, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed Ulysses and Penelope had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been expressed by the poet: but this is not the case, she is first to know her husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: but she is no sooner convinced that Ulysses is actually returned, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as Rapin could require.

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.

Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. If she had here appeared cool and indifferent, there had been weight in Rapin's objections. Besides, Aristotle informs us, there was a play, called, *The false Ulysses*: it was formed upon a story of a person who designed to surprize Penelope, and told her, that he was her husband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a bow, which he used before he went to the siege of Troy. This shews that Penelope had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by monsieur Bayle; namely, whether if Penelope had

No more they view the golden light of day;
Arise and bless thee with the glad survey!

yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really Ulysses, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur Basnage thus argues: "Let us suppose a wife transported "with love for an husband, running eagerly to the "person she mistakes for him: this woman has no design to be deceived, one cannot blame her ardor; it "is lawful, if he proves her real husband: in short, "her ignorance is involuntary, and occasioned solely "by a laudable passion for her husband: yet, if this "person prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely excusable? ought her eagerness and precipation to give "her no uneasiness? undoubtedly it ought, because "she is supposed to act precipitantly, without a full "examination: her passion is stronger than her reason, "and therefore she is blameable." The author of the general critique on Maimbourg is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, though she happens to oblige an impostor. "If a wife, "deceived by the resemblance between her husband "and an impostor, shall allow the latter all the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is no stain to "her chastity; and the husband would be the most "unreasonable creature breathing, should he blame it "as a breach of conjugal fidelity, provided she is no "way accessary to the imposition." So that, according to this author, tho' the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasioned by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had used due circumspection. In short, monsieur Bayle rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitantly is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?

full and ſatisfactory examination. And indeed, if this rule were obſerved, there would ſcarce be any room for the aforeſaid ſuppoſition. The reſemblance between man and man is never ſo perfect, but the difference upon a ſtrict obſervation is diſcernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who ſhould ſuffer ſuch a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived; eſpecially when there muſt be between a man and wife a thouſand particularities, which could be only known to the wife and huſband, which, upon a due ſcrutiny, would diſcover the impoſture.

I fear I ſhall be tedious to the reader, by mentioning another difficulty, of a ſimilar nature, ſtarted by Seneca. "If any perſon ſhould make an aſſignation with "his own wife in diſguiſe, ſuppoſing her to be the "wife of another perſon, would he be guilty of adul-"tery?" He anſwers in the affirmative; though the wife herſelf would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illuſtrated by the example of Jacob, who was blameleſs when he was deceived by Leah, who perſonated his wife Rachel; but Leah was culpable, though Jacob was innocent, for ſhe very well knew that ſhe was not wife to Jacob. But this is the province of a caſuiſt, not of a commentator.

ỳ. 6. *Ulyſſes lives!——Ulyſſes comes!*] In the Greek it is literally, *Ulyſſes is come, he is at length come to his palace.* This laſt circumſtance is not a tautology; for, obſerves Euſtathius, a perſon may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: thus Agamemnon reached his dominions in ſafety, but was aſſaſſinated before he came to his palace. We may obſerve in general, that Euryclea and Penelope, through their whole conference, ſpeak with brevity; Homer was too good a judge of human nature, to repreſent

The righteous Pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
And human thought, with unreſiſted ſway,
Depreſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
And folly, with the tongue of wiſdom ſpeaks.
Unkind, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:

them ſpeaking with prolixity. Paſſion is always in haſte, and delivers itſelf with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: Euryclea is in a tranſport of joy for the return of Ulyſſes, and Penelope has all her affections awakened at the news of it.

℣. 13. *The righteous Pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,*
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe.] This is an admirable ſentiment: it is conſonant to many expreſſions in the holy ſcriptures. God is the Lord of ſpirits, and gives and takes away as ſeems beſt to his infinite wiſdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

℣. 21. *Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy*, etc.] Homer, obſerves Euſtathius, very judiciouſly mentions this profound ſleep of Penelope; for it might have been thought improbable, that ſhe ſhould not wake at the noiſe and confuſion of the battle. It was ſolely to reconcile it to credibility, that, in a preceding book, Pallas was introduced to throw her into it: beſides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the houſe, and was from thence called ὑπερῷον: and conſequently Penelope was at a ſufficient diſtance from the place of the combat, and may be eaſily ſuppoſed not to be waked by it.

Why muſt I wake to grieve, and curſe thy ſhore?
O Troy —— may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy ſon, his latent gueſt
Long knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance of the foes.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;

The circumſtance of Penelope's not being awaked by the cries of the ſuitors, furniſhes us with a reaſon why they are not heard by the Ithacans that lived near the palace: for if ſhe who is within the palace is not diſturbed by the noiſe, it is credible enough, that the Greeks, who lived at ſome diſtance from the palace, ſhould not hear it.

ỳ. 35. —— *The queen in tranſport ſprung*
Swift from the couch ——]

We are not to gather from this tranſport of Penelope, that ſhe is fully convinced of the return of Ulyſſes: ſhe is yet incredulous; but ſhe muſt have been inſenſible if ſhe had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an huſband, whoſe return has been deſcribed through the whole Odyſſey as the chief object of all her deſires. Beſides, ſhe receives the death of the ſuitors with joy; ſhe cannot diſbelieve the teſtimony of Euryclea concerning their deaths; but thinking it impoſſible

Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say, once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that numerous and outragious band
By one be ſlain, though by an hero's hand?

that they ſhould be ſlain by any one perſon, ſhe aſcribes their deſtruction not to Ulyſſes, but a deity. But then is not ſuch a ſuppoſition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a god ſhould really be ſuppoſed to deſcend to work their deſtruction? It may be anſwered, that the exceſs of the aſſertion ought to be aſcribed to the exceſs of joy in the ſpeaker: Penelope is in a tranſport, and no wonder if ſhe ſpeaks with amplification: ſhe judges it impoſſible that ſuch a great event ſhould be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while ſhe is under a ſurprize, and her thoughts raiſed above the bounds of calm reaſon, to aſcribe it to a deity.

It has been believed, that all the notions of good and bad daemons that prevailed among the antients were borrowed from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad angels: if I might be allowed to make this ſuppoſition, then what Penelope here ſpeaks may be reconciled to ſtrict verity; then we may find a reaſon why ſhe may, without extravagance, aſcribe the ſuitors deaths to a daemon, or deity. Thus, 2 Kings, cap. xix. v. 35. *That night the angel of the Lord went out and ſmote in the camp of the Aſſyrians an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand.* If this ſuppoſition be thought diſallowable, the former will be a ſufficient vindication. I will only add, that the poet artfully turns the incredulity of Penelope to the praiſe of Ulyſſes; the exploit was ſo great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it muſt therefore be wrought by a god; but this god is at length diſcovered to be Ulyſſes.

I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a lóud dying groan;
The damſel train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we ſate, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!——now with ſulphureous fires,
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,——
Haſte, daughter, haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy every wiſh the bounteous gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
Ah no! with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How bleſt this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah no! ſome god the ſuitors deaths decreed,
Some god deſcends, and by his hand they bleed,
Blind to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd;
But heav'n is juſt, and by a god they dy'd.

For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore;
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more!

What words, the matron cries, have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the watry way,
A boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.
Then, daughter, haſt away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;
The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey,
Who knows their motives, who ſhall trace their way!

℣. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?*] This aſſertion is made with great judgment. Euryclea had given almoſt a demonſtrative proof that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſon of Ulyſſes: ſhe had inſtanced in the ſcar which he received by a boar on mount Parnaſſus; and this ſeemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the poet take to carry on Penelope's incredulity, and give her room to reſiſt ſuch evidence with any appearance of reaſon? This is very well explained by Euſtathius. Penelope, obſerves that author, anſwers with profound wiſdom; her words are ſhort, but contain excellent truth and morality: this is her meaning: "Euryclea, you ap-" peal to your ſenſes for the truth of your affirmation: " you ſaw the wound, and touched it as you bathed " him; and he forbad you to make a diſcovery of his

But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death, by man or by a god.
 Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At ev'ry step debates, her lord to prove!
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love!

" person: from hence you conclude, that it is Ulysses " who has slain the suitors; not remembring that the " gods are able thus to shew themselves to man, and " assume at their pleasure such disguises: how then do " you know but this is a god? Are you able to know " the ways of a deity?" To this Euryclea makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the divine beings sometimes assumed the shape of man, and appeared visibly upon earth. Such expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestations of those celestial beings.

℣. 89. *At ev'ry step debates, her lord to prove!*
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love!]
Penelope apprehends, that the person mentioned by Euryclea is not Ulysses; yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her husband; in this state of uncertainty she descends, doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real Ulysses; and this explains her conduct in this place: if he evidently were Ulysses, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not Ulysses, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent amongst ladies, and ma-

Then gliding through the marble valves in state,
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat,
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;

dam Dacier affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by Homer through this whole interview; and that antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observed. And indeed it must be allowed, that in this respect Penelope proceeds with no more than a necessary caution; it would have been very absurd to have described her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of Euryclea, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration.

℣. 93. *The monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumstance of persons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the Odyssey, it may therefore be necessary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eight book, *πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας*, but being there applied to Demodocus, who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned against the pillar by reason of his blindness: but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14. *Behold the king stood by a pillar*, *ἐπὶ τοῦ στύλου*, *as the manner was, and the princes*, etc. *by the king*. Thus we see the royal station was by some remarkable pillar; Josephus expresses it by ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, which probably is a *corruption*; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς στήλης, *juxta columnam*: thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3. *And the king stood by a pillar, and made a covenant*, etc. So that by this expression of Ulysses being seated by a column, we are to understand that he received Penelope as a king; he took the royal seat, to convince her that he was the real Ulysses.

Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;

℣. 94. —— *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break.] We have all along been vindicating the conduct of Penelope, for not immediately acknowleging Ulyſſes. Her ignorance of his perſon is her vindication; but how then is Ulyſſes to be juſtified, who is in no doubt about Penelope? Why does he not fly with tranſport to the wife of his affection? The reaſon is very evident: he very well knows that Penelope is uncertain about his perſon; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modeſty by any careſſes, while ſhe is in this ſtate of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuſe, till ſhe is aſſured that the perſon who offers them is Ulyſſes.

Homer tells us, that Ulyſſes turned his eyes toward the ground. Euſtathius imagines, that he does it that Penelope may not immediately diſcover him; but perhaps the poet intended no more than to draw Ulyſſes here, as he drew him in the Iliad, lib. 3. and deſcribe him according to his uſual behaviour.

———— In thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus alſo he is repreſented by Ovid, Metam. lib. 13.

Aſtitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
Suſtulit ———

Then from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun. Dryd.

℣. 96. *Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak.*] The reader will certainly be curious to know how Penelope accoſts Ulyſſes in this firſt interview, and the poet manages it with excellent judgment: ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed

O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus —— Oh who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind!
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus ſlow to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſt of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!

to be under a great ſurpriſe and confuſion of thought, this ſurprize takes away her ſpeech; ſhe is toſt between hopes and fears, and conſequently it is very natural, before ſhe ſpeaks, to examine him with her eyes.

ỳ. 106. *The gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone.*] It has been objected, that Telemachus here makes too free a remonſtrance to Penelope; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. Euſtathius anſwers, that he ſpeaks no more than Ulyſſes ſays himſelf, in the proceſs of the ſtory, and conſequently he is no more blameable. But the caſe is not the ſame, there is a difference between a ſon and a huſband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. Spondanus is of opinion, that he offends againſt decency, *juveniliter nimis inſultavit;* and Ulyſſes ſeems to repreſs his ardor.

Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe —
No more ———

Dacier anſwers, that Telemachus being fully aſſured that it is the real Ulyſſes, ſeems ſhocked at the indifference of Penelope. And indeed the warmth of the expreſſion is to be imputed to the emotion of the ſpeaker;

O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;
Pow'rleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce upliſt my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion: doubts on doubts ariſe.
O deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;
Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring;
This garb of poverty belies the king;

ſo that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency toward Penelope, but a warm expoſtulation occaſioned by his zeal for Ulyſſes.

ỳ. 116. *This garb of poverty belies the king.*] This expreſſion furniſhes another cauſe for the incredulity of Penelope; Ulyſſes imputes it to his diſguiſe, and is far from reſenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I muſt confeſs, that here may ſeem to be an unſeaſonable tranſition: Homer brings Ulyſſes and Penelope together, raiſes our expectations to ſee a warm and tender deſcription at the diſcovery of the huſband to the wife, and all of a ſudden he ſtarts from the ſubject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of Penelope. The ſcene cloſes too abruptly, and Homer acts like one who invites his gueſts to an entertainment, and when they were ſate down, with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be anſwered, that the occaſion preſſes: Ulyſſes finds it neceſſary to provide for his own ſafety, before the people of Ithaca are inform'd of the ſlaughter of the ſuitors; this is the dictate of good ſenſe; he firſt acts the wiſe man, by guarding againſt an imminent danger; and then ſhews the tender huſband, by his affection to Penelope: and this is the

No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to Penelope to recollect her spirits from surprize, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

℣. 119. *If one man's blood* ——] Ulysses here argues very conclusively: if the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station; if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead person's relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not plebeans, but princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that Ulysses is a king, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. It is true, Ulysses is a king, yet subject to the laws: his government was not so despotic, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with Dacier in this last sentiment: Ulysses had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgressed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I should rather ascribe the apprehensions of Ulysses, to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the suitors before he could discover himself to be the real Ulysses. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law.

By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
  Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind.
  Then instant to the bath, the monarch cries,
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!

ỳ. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] Ulysses, to prove Telemachus, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence; but the poet, in his answer, observes a due decency: Telemachus pays a laudable deference to the superior wisdom of Ulysses, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, though those men are inferior in wisdom.

ỳ. 135. *That hence th' eluded passengers may say,*
Lo! the queen weds ——————]
This is an instance of the art of Ulysses, essential to his character, and maintained through the whole Odyssey. Eustathius excellently explains the reason of this con-

The suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove.
Thus spoke the king: Th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array; 140

duct: the suitors had been accustomed to retire from the palace, and sleep in other places by night: it would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a seeming reason why they returned not to their several houses as usual; Ulysses therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they stayed to celebrate the queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation: we have already seen the suitors slain, without being heard by the Ithacans of the city; is it then probable that the sound of the music should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts, and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the palace? Was the music louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty, unless we are allowed to imagine that the more than usual stay of the suitors in the palace had raised the curiosity of some of the Ithacans to enquire the reason of it; who consequently, approaching the palace, might hear the music and dancing, and conclude that it was occasioned by the queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be farther heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

ỳ. 137. ——— *'Till we remove*
Far from the court ———]

It may be asked, what occasions this recess of Ulysses? will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city? The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first resentments of the Ithacans, up-

The lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels from the ſprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they —— but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
  Mean-while the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynome attends,
O'er ev'ry limb a ſhow'r of fragrance ſheds:
Then dreſt in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of Hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt to whom Vulcan gives
His heav'nly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.

on the diſcovery of the death of the ſuitors: beſides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his perſon, till the violence of the people is ſettled; or raiſe a party to reſiſt their efforts: at the worſt he is certain to ſecure his flight, if his affairs ſhould be reduced to extremities.

And oh, my queen! he cries; what Pow'r above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when heav'n reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

ỳ. 171. ——— *Diſpatchful ſpread*
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]
Theſe words have given occaſion of cenſure from monſieur de la Mothe de Vayer: according to whom the precaution of Penelope is not much to be admired; "Ulyſſes made himſelf ſuſpicious by expreſſing ſo much "eagerneſs to go to bed with Penelope; ſhe was ſo far "from having time enough to know him, that ſhe had "ſcarce ſpoke three words to him, but he bluntly com"mands Euryclea to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this author, Penelope miſtruſts his impatience; ſhe imagines the reaſon why he is ſo haſty, is, becauſe he fears that a longer time would diſcover his impoſture, and fruſtrate his deſires. And, indeed, if Ulyſſes had given ſuch a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But La Mothe is deceived: Ulyſſes does not aſk a bed for himſelf and Penelope, but for *himſelf alone*, becauſe his wife vouchſafed not to come near him, and uſed him with a ſeeming cruelty.

'Αλλ' ἄγε μοι μαῖα στόρεσον λέχος ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Λέξομαι ——— ———

which is literally enough rendered in the tranſlation.

Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.

My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bow'r the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſt in ſtate!

ỳ. 175. *Oh no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,*
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.]
It is not eaſy to tranſlate this paſſage literally.

——— οὔτ' ἄρ τι μεγαλίζομαι, οὐδ' ἀθερίζω,
Οὐδὲ λίην ἄγαμαι.

Euſtathius explains μεγαλίζομαι, to ſignify, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I deſpiſe not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an aſtoniſhment*; or, οὐδὲ λίην ἐκπλήττομαι, *I ceaſe to be ſurprized at what I ſee and hear.* Thus Penelope ſpeaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that ſhe is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to perſiſt in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. Euſtathius propoſes Penelope as a pattern to all women upon the like occaſion: her own eyes perſuade her that the perſon with whom ſhe confers is Ulyſſes; Euryclea acknowleges her maſter; Telemachus his father; yet ſhe dares not immediately credit her owneye, Euryclea, or Telemachus: and the ſame author concludes with a pretty obſervation, that Ulyſſes found it eaſier to ſubdue above an hundred enemies than the diffidence and incredulity of Penelope.

Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies,

℣. 183. *Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious* ——] It muſt be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in Penelope. Ulyſſes commands a bed to be prepared, Penelope catches the word, and ſeeming to conſent, orders Euryclea to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now, this bed was of ſuch a nature, as to be inwrought into the ſubſtance of the apartment itſelf, and could not be removed: if, therefore, Ulyſſes had acquieſced in the injunction given by Penelope, and not diſcovered the impoſſibility of it, ſhe might very juſtly have concluded him an impoſtor, being manifeſtly ignorant of the ſecret of his own marriage-bed.

But Euſtathius ſtarts an objection againſt this whole proceſs of the diſcovery, which he calls inſolvible; and indeed if Homer fails in the unravelling of his poem, he is to be ſeverely blamed: Tully is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poeta in diſſolutionem nodi agi; eaque praecipua fabulae pars eſt, quae requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty raiſed by Euſtathius is as follows: Penelope imagines, that the perſon who pretends to be her huſband, is not really Ulyſſes, but a god, who not only aſſumes his form, but, to favour the impoſture, the reſemblance of the wound received from the boar: now, if he be a god, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould conceive him to be ignorant of the ſecret of the marriage-bed? and conſequently, how can ſhe be convinced of the reality of Ulyſſes from his knowlege of it, when it muſt neceſſarily be known to a god, as well as to the real Ulyſſes? all that ſhe ought to gather from it is, that the perſon with whom ſhe ſpeaks is Ulyſſes, or a god. Euſtathius replies, that Penelope, upon the diſcovery of the ſecret, makes no ſcruple to yield; becauſe whether it be Ulyſſes, or a god, her caſe is happy; if he

Ah! for this! what mortal strength can move
Th' enormous burden; who but heav'n above?

prove to be Ulysses, she has her wishes; if a god, it is no small piece of good fortune. Dacier condemns this solution, and tells us, that Penelope was so faithful to her husband, that she would not have received even a god into the place of Ulysses: the true answer, continues that author, is to be drawn from the pagan theology, according to which the inferior deities were supposed to have a finite knowlege, and consequently Penelope might think the discovery of the nature of the nuptial-bed a full conviction of the reality of Ulysses, it being so great a secret that even a god might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this person to be a god, why might not Penelope imagine him to be a deity of the superior order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bower? especially because Jupiter himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. Dacier herself confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: how is it possible, says she, that this bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of Ulysses, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured, that a secret that is known to a third person (Actoris) is not through weakness or interest discovered to others? It is true, the manner of the discovery entirely depends upon the choice of the poet, but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which, in my judgment, continues the same author, is unworthy of the Odyssey. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where, as Horace writes, Homer nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that Penelope imagines Ulysses to be a god, and consequently his knowlege of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe

It mocks the weak attempt of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands.

him to be the real Ulysses: the answer is, Penelope thought him a god only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprize, that she at all thinks him a deity: this is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay, from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real Ulysses.

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

She is so far from thinking him a deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allowed, the first difficulty ceases: for granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but Ulysses was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real Ulysses, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the poet, in the discovery of Ulysses.

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen Ulysses build a ship in a solitary island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth Odyssey; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kind of arts in mechanics were antiently practised by the greatest personages, and their knowlege and dexterity in them was esteemed a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: Actoris, a female servant, is allowed to be in the secret; how then can Penelope be assured that she has not betrayed it? Homer himself obviates this objection: he has, in a very solemn manner, told us, that only

Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;

twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of truſt, and therefore Penelope may ſafely rely upon the fidelity of Actoris. Beſides, it adds no ſmall weight to this vindication of Homer, to obſerve, that the whole procedure of the diſcovery is accidental; how could Ulyſſes fore-know that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowlege of the bridal bower? and conſequently it is not to be imagined that he ſhould have made any clandeſtine enquiries about it: it may be added, that Ulyſſes has been no more than five days upon the Ithacan ſhores, and probably had never ſeen Actoris, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no perſon was antiently permitted to enter the womens apartment, but fathers, huſbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greateſt ſecret in all families; this ſecret Penelope propoſes in the trial of Ulyſſes, and upon his knowlege of it receives him as her huſband. To inſtance almoſt in a parallel caſe; Oreſtes in Euripides tells Iphigenia, that the lance which Pelops uſed in the combat againſt Ænomaus was lodged in her apartment; this circumſtance convinces her that the perſon who knew this ſecret muſt be her brother Oreſtes, no perſons of a more diſtant relation being admitted into ſuch privacies.

ỳ. 193. *Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk on high*
The huge trunk roſe ———]

I will not promiſe that the reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of the nuptial bower: the Greek is noble, and the words ſounding and harmonious; an hap-

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;

pineſs that is wanting in our language. In this, and the like caſes, the tranſlator muſt ſay, with Lucretius upon a like occaſion,

——— Graiorum obſcura reperta
Difficile illuſtrare Latinis verſibus eſſe,
Propter egeſtatem linguae, et rerum novitatem.

Beſides, it muſt be allowed, that the relation itſelf is very wonderful; for it is not eaſy to conceive that the bole of an olive-tree ſhould be ſo large as to contain, upon the dimenſions of it, a whole bed-ſted. I would willingly imagine, that it is only a ſupporter of it. It is likewiſe ſomewhat extraordinary, that this olive-tree is not felled, or cut up from the roots; for Euſtathius informs us, that προτάμων ſignifies *to cut aſunder at ſome diſtance from the earth;* ſo that a great part of the trunk is left ſtanding, upon which Ulyſſes builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that Homer muſt be imagined to write according to the cuſtoms of the age in which he lived, unleſs we can ſuppoſe he unneceſſarily invented an abſurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were antiently ſuch beds as this of Ulyſſes. Beſides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it ſerves for the purpoſe of Homer, in convincing us that the perſon who was acquainted with a matter ſo uncommon muſt be the real Ulyſſes, and not an impoſtor; it is for this purpoſe that the poet deſcribes the bower built round the olive-tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mentioned.

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain.

The spacious valve, w[illegible]t inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular from space to space;
Athwart the frame at equal distance lye
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mold
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, oh queen, to say: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?
  While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!

This, I say, is particularly described by Homer, to convince us that the place where the bed stood was entirely secret; it being closed up from observation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowlege of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real Ulysses.

The righteous Pow'rs that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and dye.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms,

ỳ. 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd*———] This paſſage occaſioned great diſputes amongſt the antient critics; ſome contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ ἤδη, ———

Then the meaning of the paſſage is thus to be underſtood. Helen would not have yielded to a ſtranger, if ſhe had known that ſtranger, εἰ ἤδη ἄνδρα is to be underſtood according to this interpretation. The ſame critics thus conſtrue the following words,

Ο μιν αὖτις ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν, etc.

O is the ſame with δι' ὅ, *propter hanc cauſam*, and the whole paſſage is thus to be tranſlated, *If Helen had known the ſtranger, ſhe would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks roſe in arms to free her from the impoſtor.* They defend this application by having recourſe to a tradition, that Paris could never have obtained the conſent of

Ere Greece roſe dreadful in the avenging day,
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But heav'n, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that Grece ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows, when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,

Helen if Venus had not given him the reſemblance of Menelaus, in whoſe form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty; otherways the inſtance is no way parallel; for if Helen was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce Penelope to act with caution, leſt ſhe take an impoſtor to her bed inſtead of an huſband? I confeſs this conſtruction of the Greek appears to me very obſcure; contrary to the ſtile of Homer, which is always clear and natural. Beſides, it contradicts the whole ſtory of Helen through the Iliad and Odyſſey, and ſhe herſelf no where alleges this deceit as her excuſe, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forſaking the bed of Menelaus. But granting that ſhe was thus deceived originally, the deceit muſt neceſſarily ſoon appear, and yet ſhe voluntarily cohabits many years with Paris. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if Helen had conſidered what evils might enſue from her injury to Menelaus, ſhe would have acted more wiſely: this Penelope introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with ſo much caution; ſhe oppoſes her warineſs to the inconſiderateneſs of Helen, and aſcribes all the calamities of Greece to it.

(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye has ſeen, thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores,
Delightful riſe, when angry Neptune roars,
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulph'd in crouds at once the ſailors die,
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land.
The raviſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the riſing day,

℣. 260. *But Pallas backward held the riſing day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no neceſſity for it. The battle between the ſuitors and Ulyſſes happened in the evening; ſince then we have ſeen the palace purified, the dead ſuitors carried away, and the female ſervants puniſhed; Euryclea has held a long conference with Penelope, there has been ſinging and dancing in the palace, and an interview at large deſcribed between Ulyſſes and Penelope; then the poet proceeds to recapitulate the ſtory of the whole Odyſſey: now, all theſe incidents could not be comprehended in the compaſs of one night: Homer, therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces Mi-

The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
At length Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies:
Yet fate, yet cruel fate repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tireſias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.
But end we here —— the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a-while my woes!
To whom the queen. Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!
Since the juſt gods who tread the ſtarry plains
Reſtore thee ſafe, ſince my Ulyſſes reigns.

nerva to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But, perhaps, it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, to ſuppoſe the courſe of the night alterable: the anſwer is, Poets are allowed to write according to common fame, and what Homer here relates could not ſhock the ears of the antients, who had before heard of the like ſtory at the conception of Hercules. I will only obſerve, that Homer gives no more than two horſes to Aurora's chariot, Lampus and Phaeton; whereas the chariot of the ſun is deſcribed with four: thus Ovid,

Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, et Æthon,
Solis equi, quartuſque Phlegon.

But what thoſe perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowlege may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.
  To this the king. Ah why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?

℣. 278. *Knowlege may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.*] Ulyſſes had ſaid, in the ſentence immediately preceding,

A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming Penelope, and raiſing all her curioſity to know it. Homer would greatly have offended againſt nature, if he had not deſcribed her under an impatience upon the mention of it: her fondneſs is too ſincere to be indifferent upon ſuch a ſuggeſtion, but her anſwer to Ulyſſes chiefly demands obſervation.

If heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

This diſcovers a greatneſs of ſpirit worthy of a queen and heroine: ſhe is threatened to loſe Ulyſſes by a ſecond abſence, ſhe is alarmed with a new train of his ſufferings; but being informed that all theſe calamities will end in a proſperous iſſue, that long life and happineſs attend him, ſhe not only takes courage perſonally, but comforts her huſband. Homer was too good a judge of decency to aſcribe the weakneſs that attends the generality of that ſex to Penelope; ſhe has a bravery of ſoul worthy of a heroine in epic poetry. Beſides, this is a further inſtance of Homer's judgment: the event of the Odyſſey is to ſhew Ulyſſes happy; now, if the poet had not fully ſatisfied the reader in this reſpect, he had not reinſtated his hero in proſperity, and conſequently had defeated the moral of the Odyſſey, which is to ſhew wiſdom and virtue triumphant, by repreſenting his hero after all difficulties ſettled in full tranquillity.

Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heav'n, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main,
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurprize,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Then ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all th' aethereal Pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſt.
  Such future ſcenes th' all-righteous Pow'rs diſplay,
By their dread Seer ‡, and ſuch my future day.
  To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

‡ Tireſias.

But Euryclea, with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynome, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynome descends;
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

ỷ. 317. ——— *His fair spouse Ulysses led*
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.]
The reader may be pleased to consult the annotations on book XI. ỷ. 152. concerning the answer of Ulysses to Penelope; it being a repetition from that part of the Odyssey.

Eustathius informs us, that Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the Grammarian, thought the verse quoted at the head of this remark to be the conclusion of the Odyssey, and consequently they judged the remaining part of this book, and the whole twenty-fourth, supposititious: those who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected; for instance, the recapitulation of the whole Odyssey, and especially the discovery of Ulysses to his father Laertes, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the subject of the poem, be a reason for the rejection of it, we must, for the same reason, abrige the poem, and reject a multitude of the fables which are scattered through the whole course of it. It may therefore be conjectured, that Aristarchus and Aristophanes were not of opinion that the poem ended with this

And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;

verſe, but only the moſt neceſſary and important incidents. Caſaubon, in a remark upon a paſſage of Strabo, favours the opinion of Ariſtarchus, for he there ſpeaks of the laſt book as if he ſuſpected it to be ſpurious; and Rapin joins in the ſame judgment. Homer is to be defended in another manner, than by ſuch arguments as are brought in anſwer to Ariſtarchus. The ſame objection has been made againſt the two laſt books of the Iliad, as againſt theſe of the Odyſſey; the former ought to have ended with the deciſive action in the death of Hector, and the latter with the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope, when his happineſs ſeems to be eſtabliſhed? But there is no weight in theſe objections. There is a difference between the *unravelling* of the action, and the full *accompliſhment* of it; the action is unravelled by the death of the ſuitors; but there are conſequences ariſing from their deaths that hinder the accompliſhment of the action, namely, the danger of the reſentments of their friends, who riſe in arms to revenge their ſlaughter; and till their inſurrection is pacified, Ulyſſes cannot be ſaid to be in a ſtate of ſecurity. The ſubject of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles: that of the Odyſſey, the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in his dominions: now, the anger of Achilles ends not with the death of Hector, nor is Ulyſſes fully re-eſtabliſhed by the death of the ſuitors; he has another obſtacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the Ithacans are appeaſed, the deſign of the poem is not executed, which is to ſhew Ulyſſes in peaceful poſſeſſion of his palace and authority. We ſee in this very book, that Ulyſſes is forced to fly from his own palace; can he then be ſaid to be re-eſtabliſhed in tranquillity? this very action demonſtrates, that what follows is part of the ſubject of the poem, and ſuch a part, as if it had

But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,

not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that Homer had never finished it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the action is his sailing from Troy toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowleged by his wife, father, family, and subjects: now this is not compleated till the very end of the last book, and consequently that book is not spurious, but essential. The poet had ended very injudiciously, if he had stopped before; for the reader would have remained unsatisfied in two necessary points, *viz.* how he was made known to Laertes, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavoured to take against the destroyers of their sons; but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects, who had taken arms, being either vanquished or appeased, the action is compleated in all its parts, and consummates the Odyssey.

ỳ. 324. *A mournful story of domestic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the poet passes thus briefly over the story of Penelope; he makes her impatience to hear the history of Ulysses the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his reader by repeating what he already knows: it is likewise remarkable, that Ulysses does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of Troy: for this would have been foreign to the design of the Odyssey; but with his sailing from Troy to the Cicons, and enters directly into the sub-

His servants insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,

ject of it. He likewise concludes an epitome of the whole Odyssey in the compass of one and thirty lines; and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a summary of the wanderings of Ulysses; which if any one is desirous to compare with this of Homer, he will see the difference between a clear, and an obscure writer. Tibullus in his Panegyric on Messalla has been more successful than Lycophron, he follows the order of Homer, and treads directly in his footsteps.

Nam Ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,
Non valuit Lotos captus avertere cursus;
Cessit et Etnaeae Neptunius incola rupis,
Victa Maronaeo foedatus lumina Baccho,
Vexit et Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos;
Incultos adiit Laestrygonas, etc.

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in Homer has a very good effect. I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that the subject of the Odyssey is not alone the return of Ulysses to his country, and his re-establishment in it; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages; all that he saw, or suffered in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of Troy: another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his hero, as they really happened, naturally and historically: for in his relation of them in his poem, he uses an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that preceeds the opening of his poem by way of narration to the Phaeacians: here he sets

His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor-train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds: his liſt'ning ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale,
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears, how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbleſt he ſails;
And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!
How daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſp'rous gales;
Yet fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How on the barb'rous Laeſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bow'r,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic pow'r;

every event in its natural order, ſo that with a glance of the eye we may diſtinguiſh what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to ſeparate the time of the duration of the poem, from the time of the duration of the action; for in reality the poem begins many years before the return of Ulyſſes; but Homer begins his action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own country. In the courſe therefore of the Odyſſey, Homer gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an eaſe and aſſiſtance to the memory of the reader.

His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how unharm'd he paſt the Siren-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks, where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the god of day,

ꝟ. 355. ——— *How his companions ſlay*
The oxen ſacred to the god of day.]
The ſtory of theſe oxen is fully related, lib. 12. I refer to the annotations. The crime of the companions of Ulyſſes was ſacrilege, they having deſtroyed the herds ſacred to a god. Theſe herds were ſaid to be immortal: I have there given the reaſon of it, but too conciſely, and will therefore add a ſupplement from the Polyhymnia of Herodotus; I ought to have mentioned, that the body of ſoldiers called Immortal, was a ſelect number of men in the army of Xerxes: ſo named, becauſe, upon the death of any one of their number whether by war or ſickneſs, another was immediately ſubſtituted into his room, ſo that they never amounted to more or leſs than ten thouſand. If we apply this piece of hiſtory to the herds of Apollo, it excellently explains Homer's poetry: they are called Immortal, becauſe, upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are ſaid neither to increaſe nor decay, becauſe they were always of a fixed number, and continually ſupplied upon any vacancy.

The reader will be apprized of the heinouſneſs of the

Till Jove in wrath the ratl'ing tempest guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roring tides:

crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of Bochart, p. 314. The Phoenicians and Ægyptians so superstitiously abstained from the flesh of the ox, that, as Porphyry affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. Ælian tells us, that it was death among the Phrygians to kill a labouring ox; and Varro, Rust. lib. 2. cap. 5. thus writes; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita abstineri voluerunt, ut capite sanxerint, si quis occidisset.* Thus also Columella, in Praefat. l. 7. *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam capitale esset bovem necasse, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to shew that Homer's fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the antients: Rapin is very severe upon him for ascribing the death of the companions of Ulysses, to the violation of these herds of Apollo. "The reason, says he, why "they are destroyed is very ridiculous, because, lib. 1.

——— *they dar'd to prey*
On herds devoted to the god of day.

"This is certainly a far-fetched destruction: the hero, "or the poet was willing to be freed from them." But from this observation, they will be found to be guilty of sacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmost veneration; and consequently the crime is adequate to the punishment. Besides, Horace, Epist. 6. lib. 1. gives sentence against these companions of Ulysses.

——— *Caerite cera*
Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui potior patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

How ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bow'rs;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
How ſav'd from ſtorms Phaeacia's coaſt he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through th' aereal way,

℣. 361. *Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay.*] This is a circumſtance, obſerves madam Dacier, that Ulyſſes ought by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferred her perſon to that of Calypſo a goddeſs: this is the reaſon why he enlarges upon it in five verſes; whereas he concludes moſt of the other adventures in little more than one. But, adds that lady, we may eaſily believe, that he was ſilent about the nature of his converſation with that nymph; and indeed it would have leſſened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a ſecret; he is very cautious in this reſpect; he enlarges upon the fondneſs of Calypſo for his perſon, but ſuppreſſes, for a very obvious reaſon, the kind returns he made for her civilities.

And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid.

My queen, my conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord; while me th' immortal Pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by heav'n, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, though wiſe! this morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!

He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms, inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon; and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city-gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.

Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

℣. 398. ——— *Pallas shrouds*
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.] Ulysses, to avoid observation, leaves the city at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispelled; this is the suggestion of his own wisdom, which is figured by Minerva.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in Homer: I speak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our heroic verse consists but of ten syllables, the Greek oftentimes of seventeen, as in this verse,

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

We therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables, which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in Homer within the compass of one line in a translation, with any tolerable beauty; but in some parts, where the subject seemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what success, must be left to the reader.

THE ODYSSEY

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busyed in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowleged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

NOTES.

It has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of Homer; but perhaps the reader may not be displeased to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a critic as Aristarchus: I shall therefore lay them before him from Didymus and Spondanus.

That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way. 6

Ariſtarchus affirms, that this is the only place in Homer where Mercury performs the office of conducting the ſouls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known ſo early by the title of ψυχοπομπος; that this is the only paſſage where he is called Cyllenius; that the ceremony of his guiding the ſouls is contrary to other deſcriptions of Homer, where they all deſcend without a guide into the manſions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is abſurd to imagine a *white rock* in theſe kingdoms of darkneſs, *etc.* To theſe Didymus thus replies. If a ſingle mention of any incident in Homer were a reaſon for its objection, abundance of paſſages muſt be rejected. He thinks it a ſufficient argument, that Mercury was called ψυχοπομπος, and Cyllenius in the days of Homer, that he is here mentioned under theſe titles; but this is begging the queſtion. He adds, that although the ſouls of the dead deſcend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may deſcend with one; for they are in other places only ſaid in general to deſcend, whereas here the manner of their deſcent is particularized. Neither is it any objection againſt this book, to ſay that it is contrary to the manner of Homer to deſcribe the ſhades of the dead received immediately into the ſtate of Achilles, Agamemnon, *etc.* before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this, ſays he, is a favour granted by Mercury to Ulyſſes, who was deſcended from that deity, he being the father of Arciſius, and conſequently great grandfather to Ulyſſes. It was the opinion of the antients, that the ſhades of the deceaſed could viſit the earth before the obſequies were finiſhed, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of Patroclus, Iliad 23.

——————To the farther ſhore,
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.

It is therefore out of favour to Ulyſſes, that Mercury introduces theſe ſhades into the region where Agamemnon reſided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and diſquiet Ulyſſes. But there may be a ſtronger objection made againſt the former part of this book; namely, that this is an epiſode which has no relation to the principal ſubject, and that we may retrench it without deſtroying any part of the action eſſential to the Odyſſey: but it may be anſwered, that though it makes no part of the principal action, yet it has a ſufficient connection with it: it is the ſequel of the death of the ſuitors, and conſequently the principal action is the cauſe of it; it is drawn and deduced from it, and Homer makes a very happy uſe of it to adorn and diverſify his poem, with the hiſtory of what happened before Troy, after the concluſion of the Iliad; and in particular, with the death of Achilles, and a deſcription of his funeral ceremonies. Didymus, Dacier.

Plato, in the beginning of his third dialogue, de Repub. brings an heavy charge againſt Homer, for the diſadvantageous character he gives of a future ſtate. He quotes the ſimilitude of the bats, and affirms, that the dreadful deſcription of the condition of the dead, muſt deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cauſe of their country. "Let us then, ſays "that author, with the permiſſion of Homer and o- "ther poets, reject ſuch relations, not becauſe they "are unpoetical, not becauſe they are unpleaſant "to read, but becauſe by how much they are "more pleaſant and poetical, by ſo much they are "more dangerous, and to be kept from our youth, "and men, who are born to aſſert their liberty with "the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to ſlave- "ry." It muſt be allowed, that this is ſtrong reaſon-

As in a cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol deſcends,

ing, and it is not eaſy to guard the doctrine of Homer from ſuch unhappy conſequences; for why ſhould men chuſe to die, rather than be ſlaves, when by death they fall into a worſe condition? It will not be an anſwer to ſay that Homer aſſerts a threefold ſtate in futurity, *viz.* of the ſoul, the εἴδωλον, or *vehicle*, and the body: and that while the vehicle is in this condition of horrors, the ſoul may be happy; for ſtill the ſtate of the dead is repreſented as a ſtate of horror, and man is in part, namely, in his εἴδωλον, miſerable after death: nay, ſo miſerable, that even Hercules, who was a god, and received amongſt the deities, is yet tormented in hell; lib. XI.

Here hov'ring ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhades ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound;
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.

It will indeed be a vindication of Homer as a poet, to ſay, that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that ſuch as was the notion of the antients of a future ſtate, ſuch is his deſcription of it. I will only add, that we may collect from Plato, that he judged this book genuine, for he quotes this paſſage as Homer's,

And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of dreams,

ỳ. 17. *And Leucas' rock*———.] This deſcription of the deſcent into hell is more particular than that in the XIth Odyſſey; and each particular is well ſuited to the ſubject; the deſcent is fabled to be by the ocean, becauſe the ſun ſeems to deſcend through it into night, or the region of darkneſs, in the weſtern parts of heaven. Milton fables the ſun to riſe through the gates of light, after the manner of the antients.

———— *Till morn,*
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light ———

The circumſtance likewiſe of going through the region of dreams is well choſen; dreams are the attendants of ſleep, the brother of death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; Virgil, in the deſcent of Æneas into hell, has borrowed this image,

——— *Quam ſedem ſomnia vulgo*
Vana tenere ferunt ——

The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.

The only circumſtance liable to objection is, the Leucadian, or *white* rock, which Ariſtarchus thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkneſs; but, replies Euſtathius, this is only meant of a rock ſtanding on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the laſt rays of the ſun fall. Dacier imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expreſſion: "There is an iſland over-againſt Acarnania, on the "weſt of Ithaca, called Leucas, from a white rock "ſtanding in it; this rock was famous in antiquity,

And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flow'ring meads of Aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!
Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!
Yet ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
Still at his ſide is Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.

New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er.
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp purſu'd
And ſolemn ſadneſs through the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſthus fell.

"because lovers in deſpair threw themſelves from the "top of it into the ocean; it was called *the Lover's* "*leap*, and being thus remarkable for the deaths of "numbers of people, Homer places it here." This is no ill explication; for a rock may well be feigned to ſtand at the entrance of the region of death, by which ſo many perſons had entered into it.

Ovid, in his Epiſtles, mentions this Leucadian rock.

——— *O you that love in vain,*
Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main:
There ſtands a rock from whoſe impending ſteep,
Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.

O mighty chief! Pelides thus began,
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!

ỳ. 35. *O mighty chief! Pelides thus began,* etc.] This appears to be introduced ſomewhat unnaturally: Achilles had now been dead about ten years, and Agamemnon almoſt as long; it can therefore ſcarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they ſhould not have met before this time, and mutually have ſatisfied their curioſities, by relating their ſeveral ſtories at ſome former interview: Dacier indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the ſuitors deſcended, but upon ſome preceding occaſion, immediately after the death of Agamemnon. If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the deſcent of Mercury, and the ſhades of the ſuitors, will be no reaſon why this conference ſhould be here repeated: for ſo, neither Mercury nor the ſuitors hear it. But Dacier is undoubtedly in an error; for ὗρον in the original is the third perſon plural, and abſolutely refers to Mercury and the ſhades of the ſuitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happened at the time of their entrance.

The ſhades of the ſuitors, obſerves Dacier, when they are ſummoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulyſſes, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τρίζουσι *ſtrident:* whereas Agamemnon, and the ſhades that have long been in the ſtate of the dead, ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to ſhew, by the former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner, as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not eaſy to underſtand. In other reſpects Virgil paints after Homer.

King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt, to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:

———— pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats. Dryd.

But why ſhould we ſuppoſe, with Dacier, that theſe ſhades of the ſuitors have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking? I rather imagine, that the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of complaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak: after Patroclus was ſlain, he appears to Achilles, and ſpeaks very articulately to him; yet, to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure, he acts like theſe ſuitors: for Achilles

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but Patroclus is an inſtance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpinor in the Odyſſey, for they both ſpeak before their funeral rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy.

Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?

O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the fun'ral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.

℣. 56. *Great, and terrific ev'n in death* ——] There is a very peculiar beauty in the verſification of Homer in this place:

—— σὺ δὲ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστί.

The words μέγας μεγαλωστὶ ſet the largeneſs of the body of Achilles ſtretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we ſee him in the deſcription; the repetition forces it upon our obſervation, ſo that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that hero.

Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame.
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:

℣. 68. —— *Terror seiz'd the Grecian train.*] This description furnished Aristarchus with another objection to this book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of Thetis, and her sea-nymphs, should terrify the whole Grecian army; they say in answer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as Thetis ascended, or, as Homer expresses it,

—— βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὀρώρει
Θεσπεσίη. ——

This uproar occasioned their fear; the Greeks were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event; this is evident, for Nestor appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasioned by the ascent of Thetis.

The reader has undoubtedly observed, how excellently Homer sustains his characters; Nestor is the wisest man, both in the Iliad and Odyssey: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be supposed to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature: the poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the Grecian army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as Nestor, but no one so wise; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom, not bravery, and this furnishes us with an excellent moral; that ignorance is usually the source of fear.

The character of Achilles is no less happily supported; the same love of glory is visible in all he speaks, that distinguished his character through the Iliad: he

Back to the ſhip the frighted hoſt had fled ;
But Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things.)
" Forbear your flight : fair Thetis from the main
" To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.
Around thee ſtand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever-conſecrating verſe, complain.

ſtill prefers a ſhort life with fame, before old-age without it.

> Ὡς ὄφελες τιμῆς ἀπονήμενος ἧς περ ἄνασσες,
> Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The ſentiment is truly heroic; diſhonour is worſe than death, the happineſs or miſery of which is not to be meaſured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longeſt have but the ſmall privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to their graves.

℣. 77. *Round thee, the Muſes* ——] It is impoſſible, obſerves Dacier, not to be ſtruck with the noble fictions of Homer in honour of Achilles; every circumſtance is great. A whole army is in tears; the Muſes celebrate his glory; a goddeſs and her nymphs ennoble it with their preſence and lamentations. At the funerals of other heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the muſes perſonally appear. Heaven and earth, men and gods intereſt themſelves in the obſequies of ſo great an hero! Yet from this place Ariſtarchus draws an argument for rejecting this book: Homer, ſays he, no where elſe gives the number of the nine muſes, in-

Each warlike Greek the moving muſic hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till ſev'nteen nights and ſev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mixt clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe.
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold)

ſinuating that their number was not fixed in his age; but Homer frequently invokes the muſes, why then ſhould he be ignorant of the number? and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? Ariſtarchus further adds, that it is abſurd to imagine the body of Achilles could be preſerved ſeventeen days without burial; but this may be aſcribed to the power of Thetis, who may be eaſily ſuppoſed to preſerve it. Beſides, why might not the body be embalmed? and then there will be no occaſion for a miracle, and the interpoſition of a goddeſs: we muſt remember what ſhe did to the body of Patroclus in the Iliad.

There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the ſame urn a ſep'rate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:

℣. 97. *There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend*
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend.]
This is agreeable to the requeſt made to Achilles by the ghoſt of Patroclus, in the Iliad,

Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
That golden urn thy goddeſs mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave!

It is likewiſe aſſerted by Homer, that the bones of Antilochus were repoſited in the ſame urn with thoſe of Patroclus and Achilles; where then is the peculiar honour paid to Patroclus, if Antilochus was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of Achilles and Patroclus were mixed in the urn, thoſe of Antilochus lay ſeparately.

Homer adds, that the whole army raiſed a monument to Achilles; this is done according to his own injunctions in the Iliad, for ſpeaking of the tomb of Patroclus he thus proceeds;

Mean-time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece, ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.

Achilles means, that when he is dead the Greeks ſhould raiſe one common monument to himſelf and Patroclus, which we ſee here effected.

High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen, with ſolemn fun'ral games,
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given:
And ſuch thy honours, oh belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by ſtern Jove, at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſthus, and a faithleſs wife!
  Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain.
On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And tim'rous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy ſhade,
His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd;
Son of Melanthus! he began, O ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many, and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?

Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy Neptune ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pyrates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore,
When our triumphant navies touch'd your ſhore;
Forc'd a long month the wintry ſeas to bear,
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.

ỷ. 127. *But Agamemnon, through the gloomy ſhade,*
His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd.]
An objection has been raiſed againſt this paſſage, and it has been thought an abſurdity that Agamemnon ſhould be the gueſt of Amphimedon, and not of Ulyſſes, when he came to make an addreſs to him, and was within his territories. Didymus anſwers, that this conduct in Agamemnon was occaſioned by the refuſal of Ulyſſes to aſſiſt in the war of Troy: Agamemnon reſented his denial, and went to the houſe of Amphimedon.

ỷ. 142. *Forc'd a long month ———*
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.]
It is not obvious why Ulyſſes, who was a perſon of the greateſt bravery, ſhould be unwilling to engage in ſuch an action of glory, as the war of Troy: was it becauſe he foreſaw that it would be a work of danger, as Euſtathius imagines, or was he diſſatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of Helen, and nothing but a private injury? the former is a reaſon unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no

O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursu'd his royal dame;

more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason, that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it must be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. Eustathius recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of Troy: Ulysses, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist Agamemnon, pretended madness, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; Palamedes, who suspected the imposture, took his son Telemachus, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; Ulysses turned aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition. Aristotle takes notice of the great judgment of Homer in suppressing this incident concerning Ulysses, it being unworthy of the bravery of an hero: he is proving, chap. 8. of his Poetics, that all the actions of an hero's life are not to be inserted in an epic poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: for this reason Homer mentions not all the adventures of Ulysses, but only such as have relation to the subject of the Odyssey; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connection either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The reader will understand the meaning of Aristotle, if he considers that the subject of the Odyssey is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: now, the counterfeited madness of Ulysses has no connection with these sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by Homer as foreign to the design

Her coy reſerve, and prudence mixt with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious in deluſion, ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers, ſhe cry'd, who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace, your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.

of the poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an hero's life is the province of hiſtory; the relation of one ſingle, great, and ſurprizing action is the ſubject of epic poetry.

Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate, to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumaeus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t'obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife; the source of future woes,

ỿ. 197. *Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose*, etc.] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of Penelope to propose the bow, to gain time to defer the

And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:

marriage hour; how then comes Amphimedon to aſcribe it to the art of Ulyſſes? Euſtathius anſwers, that Amphimedon is in an error, and that though the contrivance was from Penelope, yet Amphimedon could not come to the knowlege of it; and ſuch ſtratagems being agreeable to the character of Ulyſſes, he imputes this action to him rather than Penelope.

It is impoſſible not to take notice that Homer makes repetition after repetition: Agamemnon ſpeaks the ſame words, as in the eleventh Odyſſey: Amphimedon the ſame, as in the ſecond; and the whole account of the ſuitors' deſtruction is no more than a recital of what the reader already knows. Was Homer tired at the end of his work, and would not give himſelf the labour of invention? I confeſs we may loſe our appetite to ſee the ſame entertainment thus continually ſerved up in the ſame manner, without ſo much as a new garniſhment. I fear the words of Ulyſſes may ſometimes be applicable to Homer.

And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?

Beſides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the poet was at liberty to inſert or omit according to his judgment, without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wiſhed that he had ſubſtituted ſome other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diverſity to the ſtory: if by laying the ſcene in hell, he deſigned to raiſe the wonder and curioſity of the reader, (who cannot fail of having his attention awakened to ſee a proſpect opened beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the ſtate of departed heroes) yet it muſt be confeſſed that this deſign has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the Odyſſey. But the poet ſeems to introduce the deſcent for the information of the dead rather than the living;

To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Through ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
Firſt bleeds Antinous: thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;

Agamemnon is told how the ſuitors were deſtroyed by Ulyſſes; and Achilles how nobly the Greeks performed his funeral obſequies; incidents that very little contribute to the ſtory of the Odyſſey. In ſhort, the main action ſtands ſtill during this whole epiſode, which takes up almoſt half the book, and the latter part of the epiſode preſents no new object to amuſe and entertain us. But,

———— *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit ————

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than diſcover Homer's errors. I will only add, that the reader will be fully convinced that this whole epiſode may be omitted, by obſerving how well the ſtory will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with theſe words,

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πόλιος κατέβαν, τάχα δ' ἀγρὸν ἵκοντο, etc.

So that if I could in any part ſubſcribe to the opinion of Ariſtarchus for the rejection of this book, it ſhould be only for the former part of it; but I am perſuaded, from the nobleneſs of the verſes, that the whole is genuine.

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
Thus great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.
Oh blest Ulysses (thus the king exprest
His sudden rapture) in thy consort blest!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic song!
The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead.

ỳ. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal shade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from

While from the town, Ulyſſes, and his band,
Paſt to Laertes' cultivated land.

whence antiquity raiſed the fictions concerning hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in Diodorus Siculus.

Pluto, obſerves that author, was the firſt that introduced the rites of ſepulture, and other ceremonies beſtowed on the dead: this is the reaſon why the antients imagined him to be the king of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is ſaid to have been the moſt juſt man in the world; he ſeverely puniſhed robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his ſingular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the ſame reaſon Minos was joined with him in the ſame dignity.

Homer borrowed his fictions from Orpheus, Orpheus from the Ægyptians: it was Orpheus who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the Elyſian fields, and taught that the ſouls of the dead were conducted by Mercury into the infernal manſions: (a proof that he was called ψυχοπομπὸς before the days of Homer.) Diodorus proceeds, and mentions the beginning of this book, how Homer feigns that Mercury leads the ſhades of the dead by the ocean, the Leucadian rock, and the gates of the ſun: a plain inſtance that he looked upon this book as the genuine work of Homer. All theſe fables, continues Diodorus, are of Ægyptian extract; by the ocean, Homer means Nilus; by the gates of the ſun, he means Heliopolis, a city ſacred to the ſun; the meadow into which the ſhades are conducted, denotes the pleaſant meadows full of canes adjoining to Memphis; and the dead are feigned to reſide there, becauſe it was the general burial place among the Ægyptians. Concerning Cocytus, Acheron, *etc.* the reader may conſult the firſt note upno the eleventh Odyſſey.

Plutarch, in his treatiſe of Iſis and Oſyris, agrees

with Diodorus concerning the extraction of these fables from Ægypt, and mentions at Memphis the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of Lethe and Cocytus; which being opened at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus described by Homer in the tenth Odyssey.

And where slow rolling from the Stygian bed
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread,
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.

These observations give light to most of Homer's fictions concerning hell, and shew that his poetry is built upon the customs of antiquity.

Macrobius explains all these particulars after a different manner: this solution supposes a state of preexistence of the soul: " If, says that author, to die, " be the same as to go to the infernal regions; to enjoy the supernal, is then to live; and therefore before philosophy prevailed, the body itself was supposed to be the infernal receptacle of the soul, into which she descended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of the soul, and the cave of Pluto. The river of oblivion denotes the error of the soul, which forgets the majesty of the former state she enjoyed before she entered the body: Phlegethon, the ardour of our desires, and flames of anger; Acheron all our words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so likewise, Styx implies our hatred, Cocytus our grief and lamentation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verified upon earth: the vultur which preys upon the liver of Tityus, is the sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the Sisyphus, who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaritious man is the Tantalus who starves amidst his plenty," *etc.*

By joining these two interpretations together, we

The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.
 Here now arriving, to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command.

have at once the double pleaſure of a beautiful fable and inſtructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that although the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future ſtate, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be puniſhments and rewards in it. This note is of uſe to explain ſeveral paſſages in the eleventh Odyſſey.

℣. 236. *The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain.*] Euſtathius very well explains theſe words, in which the Greek may be conſtrued to ſignify that Laertes had purchaſed this place of retirement by his labour and induſtry: but probably Homer intends to expreſs an allotment or portion of ground which was aſſigned Laertes by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the Iliad.

The Lycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd.

It may either be ſo, or Homer intending ſolely to paint the laborious life of Laertes, added this circumſtance of his encreaſing his rural cell by his induſtry, as an inſtance of it; though the latter is more ſuitable to the character of a king.

Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the Pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let my try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If thoſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter, and he ſeeks the field;
Through rows of ſhade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-ſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.

℣. 266. ——— *Gloves againſt the thorn.*] Caſaubon, in his remarks upon Athenaeus, lib. 12. cap. 2. affirms, that antiently neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now uſed ſo univerſally, that they are worn by the meaneſt people; but this place is an inſtance of Caſaubon's miſtake: it is true, Xenophon gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the Perſians, who ſuffered no part of the body to be expoſed to the

In this array the kingly gard'ner ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

air, but wore καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρῖδας, καὶ δακτυλήθρας ἔχουσι, "gloves upon their hands, and coverings upon their very fingers." Pliny the younger mentions the ſame cuſtom among the Romans, *Manus Hieme manicis muniebantur! ut ne coeli quidem aſperitas ullum ſtudiis tempus eriperet.* This then is the difference; the Perſians wore theſe hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy: whereas in Greece they were uſed only out of neceſſity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from Laertes, they being never mentioned upon any other occaſion, either in the Iliad or Odyſſey. Dacier.

℣. 267. *In this array the kingly gard'ner ſtood,*
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.] This is the firſt appearance of Laertes; he is the very picture of melancholy, his dreſs, his employ, and ſolitary life, all diſcover a fixed ſorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a diſpute whether we are to aſcribe this retreat of Laertes to a meanneſs of ſpirit, who forſakes his ſtation, and is unequal to adverſity; or to wiſdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and ſplendor of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a palace, and a ſmall garden to all the dominions of a king. Plutarch ſeverely cenſures his conduct: "A Perſon, obſerves that writer, "who waſtes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, "makes himſelf an object of contempt, as Homer "teaches by the examples of Neſtor and Laertes: Neſtor, by engaging in the war of Troy, obtained the "utmoſt veneration; while Laertes, who abandoned "himſelf to ſolitude, was deſpiſed univerſally." I am unwilling to ſubſcribe to this obſervation, being of opinion, that the ſilent virtues of a good man in ſolitude are more amiable than all the noiſy honours of active life. The picture of Laertes is undoubtedly

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing ev'ry line,

drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son, this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. Menedemus in Terence is the very copy of Laertes in Homer; an instance that he thought Homer's an exact representation of human nature: and the applause with which that comedy was received, shews that all Rome was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have raised many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendor of a crown into obscurity. Tully mentions the manner of life in Laertes, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his Cato Major, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of Laertes. *Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum et stercorantem facit.* But Tully mistakes Homer, for Laertes is not fonnd dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of λιστρεύοντα, he read κοπρίσοντα, as it is used in the seventeenth Odyssey.

——— Ὀδυσσῆος τέμενος μέγα κοπρίσοντες.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that Tully in his retirement at Tusculum, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of Laertes: and

The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his rev'rend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul?
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay,

Tully was too ſenſible of his own worth, to ſpeak any thing to the diſparagement of it.

ỳ. 279. *Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that Ulyſſes here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his ſorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a diſcovery of his perſon; they likewiſe condemn the κερτόμια ἔπεα, which Homer puts into the mouth of Ulyſſes. It muſt be allowed, that thoſe words are frequently uſed by the poet in a bad ſenſe, and ſignify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not ſo to be underſtood; they only imply, *that Ulyſſes blamed Laertes out of tenderneſs for taking no more care of his perſon:* this is not a reproach, but the language of fondneſs and affection: or perhaps the poet meant to expreſs that this enquiry raiſed images of ſorrow in the ſoul of Laertes, and *wounded his heart* by naming the loſt Ulyſſes. Euſtathius ſolves the former objection by ſaying, that Ulyſſes delayed the diſcovery, leſt the ſuddenneſs of joy ſhould prove fatal to Laertes. But Homer undoubtedly paints according to nature; Ulyſſes burſts into tears at the ſight of his father, yet reſtrains them, and tries if, after twenty

More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the ſorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his ſire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor ought remits the work, while thus he ſaid.
  Great is thy ſkill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
Nothing neglected, but thyſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;

years abſence, he was known by him; this delay raiſes the reader's curioſity, makes him, as it were, preſent at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the diſcovery: beſides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of Ulyſſes, who is, upon all emergencies, maſter of his paſſions, and remarkable for diſguiſe, and an artful diſſimulation; this diſguiſe has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and makes us wait with attention to ſee the iſſue of the interview.

ỳ. 298. *I read a monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the Greek are not without obſcurity, and Eu-

Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor farther conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtled, and purſu'd his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.

ſtathius explains them two ways; they may either ſignify, that Laertes appears to be a perſon of ſuch diſtinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. *to bathe, and after a due repaſt to ſleep in ſtate;* or they imply, that Laertes ſhews the dignity of a king in his perſon, who comes from the bath, and dines in ſtate. Ulyſſes cannot compare Laertes to a king who is freſh from the bath, and dreſt royally, for he tells us, he is covered with ſweat and duſt; he therefore means that his perſonage is noble, and like a king, that therefore he ought to live like a king, with reſpect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it eaſe and refreſhment.

To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd;
To him ſev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd with female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears:
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
Thy antient friend, oh ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had born;
For ev'ry good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſt,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter through the air:
Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents ſhed,
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,

Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon. From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born, from Aphidas the king
Of Polyphemon's royal line I ſpring.
Some adverſe daemon from Sicania bore
Our wand'ring courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſu'd
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;

℣. 353. ——— *From Alybas I came.*] Ulyſſes is inexhauſtible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of perſons and places to his fortunes: Alybas is ſuppoſed to be a city of Italy, afterwards called Metapontium. It is placed by others in Thrace. It is here introduced, to denote the wanderings of Ulyſſes by the ſea, or ἄλη: the word *Aphidas*, denotes his generoſity, which *ſpares nothing* towards his friends. He feigns himſelf to be the grandſon of Πολυπήμων, to repreſent the multitude of his ſufferings; his name is Eperitus, from ἐπήριστος, the ſame with περιμάχητος, from ἐρίζω to ſhew the ſtruggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of Troy, and againſt other enemies. Euſtathius.

Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrap'd up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:

ỳ. 369. ——— *and sorrowing spread*
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.]
This was a common practice amongst the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used amongst the Hebrews, as well as Greeks; thus Ezek. xxvii. 30. *They shall cast dust upon their heads.* Job ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads.* Thus also Achilles in the eighteenth of the Iliad;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.

Homer calls it *κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν*, which does not mean that Laertes threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found; but he means ξήραν, or *dry dust*, such as arises from substances consumed by fire, or resembling ashes. Eustathius.

ỳ. 371. *Trembling with agonies*, etc.] The Greek expression is remarkable,

——— ἀνὰ ῥῖνας δέ οἱ ἤδη
Δριμὺ μένος προὔτυψε ———

He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father! riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, oh my ſire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.

A ſharp ſenſation ſtruck his noſtrils. Euſtathius judges, that the meaning is, that Ulyſſes perceived himſelf ready to burſt into tears; a kind of a pricking ſharp ſenſation being felt in the noſtrils before the eruption of tears. Caſaubon more fully explains it; he obſerves, that all violent paſſions cauſe a ſenſation in the noſtrils, ariſing from the ebullition of the ſpirits, which mount toward the brain, and endeavouring to free themſelves from reſtraint, find a vent by the noſtril, and crouding through it, dilate it in their paſſage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horſe, the lion, whoſe noſtrils always dilate when moved to anger. A ſimilar expreſſion is found in the firſt Idyllium of Theocritus.

Καὶ οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

He ſpeaks of the anger of the god Pan, but it is applicable to all violence of paſſion. Ariſtotle, obſerves Dacier, quotes this verſe as applied by Homer to expreſs anger, cap. 8. of his morals to Nicomachus; but he is evidently in an error; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly truſted to his memory, it being ſorrow ariſing from filial tenderneſs which moves Ulyſſes. Dacier.

Amaz'd, Laertes. "Give ſome certain ſign,
"If ſuch thou art, to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound, he cries, receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent,
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offspring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace:
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,

ỳ. 389. *The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,*
While yet a child ———]

The word in the original is παιδνὸς, which ſignifies *a very young boy:* Homer uſes it to expreſs the age, when out of a childiſh ſimplicity Ulyſſes aſked his father to grant him ſuch trees. Such requeſts are very natural in children, and we ſee, ſays Dacier, the ſame practiſed every day; parents out of fondneſs indulge the requeſts of their children in ſuch little particularities; and a bird, an horſe, *etc.* continues the child's favourite for many years. It muſt be allowed, that no poet ever followed nature ſo faithfully as Homer. Virgil perhaps has reached his nobleſt elevations and ſublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in Homer than in all other poets. Some painters excel in the boldneſs of their figures, and know how to draw a hero or a god, but are leſs happy in lower ſubjects; but Homer draws univerſally, and is excellent upon all occaſions; he paints the largeſt figures, or the leaſt ſketches, equally natural, and with equal beauty.

Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries, almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis ſo — the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid ——
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through ev'ry city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?

To this Ulyſſes. As the gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.

Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at the lowly door.

The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the god-like grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face.
What god, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs pow'rs on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.

ỳ. 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.*] I doubt not but the reader has obſerved, that Laertes uſes the very turn of language and manner of ſelf-commendation ſo remarkable in almoſt all the ſpeeches of Neſtor: this is to be aſcribed to the nature of old-age in general, which loves a little to boaſt, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmoſt ſatisfaction; or, as Horace deſcribes it,

——— *Laudator temporis acti*
Se puero ———————

I will only add, that the reaſon why Homer deſcribes Laertes enlarged with ſtrength and majeſty by Minerva is to reconcile the future ſtory to probability; Laertes acts the hero, engages at the head of his friends, and

Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſep'rate from the ſon.

They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day:
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man,
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train,
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his antient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,

kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man waſted away with ſorrows: the poet therefore knowing that he had loſt his natural vigour through age, ſupplies the defect with preternatural ſtrength, and by this method renders him equal to his future actions.

℣. 451. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this Sicilian was the wife of Dolius; Homer gives her the title of mother to his children, becauſe ſhe had the care of their education; for he adds, ἥ σφέας τρέφε, ſhe was their nurſe, not their mother. Dacier.

Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face:
Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by heav'n! for heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſt, thy wiſh'd return? oh ſay,
To the chaſt queen ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?

Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And ſtrait reſum'd his ſeat;) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Through all the city, of the ſuitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace croud;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.

℣. 481. *The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.*] To underſtand this we muſt remember, that many of the ſuitors came from the neighbouring iſlands, Samos, Zacynthus, *etc.* and therefore they are ſaid to be tranſported by ſea, to be buried in their native countries: this cuſtom prevailed over all the oriental world: but

Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes;
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with ſighs, he thus began.
Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a num'rous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;

there may be a particular reaſon why this is done by the Ithacans; they might intend to raiſe thoſe ſeveral iſlands to engage againſt Ulyſſes, and draw them to arms by ſuch moving ſpectacles. Dacier.

(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke)
And Medon firſt th'aſſembled chiefs beſpoke.
  Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes behold a preſent god,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the god bely'd,
'Twas heav'n that ſtruck, and heav'n was on his ſide.
  A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:

℣. 509. *Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land.*] There is great art in the ſpeeches of Medon and Eupithes: Eupithes ſaid that Ulyſſes had ſlain the braveſt of the Greeks; Medon allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the gods: the conſequence therefore is, that to fight againſt Ulyſſes upon this account, is to fight againſt the gods. Eupithes applies to their revenge, Medon to their fears; Eupithes ſheds tears to move their compaſſion, Medon intimidates them by averring that the aſſiſtance of the gods was viſible on the ſide of Ulyſſes. The perſons likewiſe whom Homer employs to plead againſt Eupithes are well choſen; Halitherſes is a prophet, Medon an herald, and both perſons eſteemed ſacred by their offices; this is the reaſon why the Greeks are ſaid to be ſtruck with awe at their appearance. Dacier, etc.

℣. 518. ——— *Halitherſes ſpoke.*] The ſpeech of Medon had a good effect upon the audience; for Homer adds, that the whole aſſembly grew afraid; Halitherſes perceived it, and ſeconds it. He inſiſts upon a new head of perſuaſion, and ſets forth the juſtice of the

(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons the rein,
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myſelf in vain)
An abſent heroe's bed they ſought to ſoil,
An abſent heroe's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin. Juſtice will prevail.

His mod'rate words ſome better minds perſuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd.

late action of Ulyſſes: the ſuitors were ſlain, ſays he, for their crimes, and you are guilty for not reſtraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their preſent deſigns, he repreſents their danger in engaging againſt their king. From theſe ſpeeches, obſerves Euſtathius, Homer draws the probability of the future part of the ſtory; he divides the enemy, and wins over almoſt half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimouſly, Ulyſſes muſt neceſſarily have periſhed by their power.

It is obſervable, that though Phemius accompanies Medon, yet he is ſilent; the reaſon is, he as it were ſpeaks by the mouth of Medon, he was witneſs to the aſſiſtance of heaven on the part of Ulyſſes, and approves and confirms, by his preſence, the truth of his teſtimony. It is thus on the ſtage where the whole chorus was antiently ſuppoſed to ſpeak by the mouth of their prolocutor. Dacier, *etc.*

They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and death attends him there.
This paſt on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
Oh Pow'r ſupreme, oh ruler of the whole!

ℽ. 542. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.*] Homer, to give importance to the concluſive action of his poem, introduces Jupiter and Minerva in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the Odyſſey he deſcribes the gods in conſultation for the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes: in the concluſion of it, we ſee Jupiter himſelf rewarding the virtue and bravery of Ulyſſes, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully ſatisfied, that the action of the Odyſſey is compleated in the happineſs of the hero, when we hear Jupiter giving his ſanction to it. Beſides, it leaves a noble image of the greatneſs of Ulyſſes, and of the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey, upon the reader's mind, when we ſee it is of ſuch weight as to engage Jupiter in its favour. Thus in imitation of Homer, toward the concluſion of the Æneid, Virgil deſcribes Jupiter and Juno in debate concerning the deciſive action between Turnus and Æneas.

Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is fate.
  Is not thy thought my own? (the god replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Had not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the fates ſucceed.
Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the ſuitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſt.

℣. 553. ———— *Since Ulyſſes' hand Has ſlain the ſuitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.*] The deſign of the Odyſſey is to ſhew virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; here to introduce this act of juſtice with the greater ſolemnity, Jupiter is repreſented giving his aſſent to it: "Let there be peace, ſays that deity, but let juſtice be done, and the guilty puniſhed;" the reader muſt neceſſarily be ſatisfied with the equity of the cauſe of Ulyſſes, when he hears Jupiter himſelf directing in it. Beſides, this conduct of Homer preſents us with an excellent moral; it ſhews us that the deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the ſcenes of blood are opened or cloſed, and the words of Homer, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλὴ, may be applied to the Odyſſey as well as the Iliad.

Let all be peace.—— He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the fates; the ſanction of the god:
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now ſat Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſt:
To watch the foe a truſty ſpy he ſent:
A ſon of Dolius on the meſſage went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach'd, embattel'd on the field.
With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
And ſix were all the ſons of Dolius' race:

℣. 573. *Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace.*] The poet tells us the exact number of the party of Ulyſſes, which conſiſted of ten perſons under the direction of Dolius, Laertes, and Ulyſſes: how many were under Eupithes is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to ſuppoſe them more or leſs ſuperior in number; Medon and Halitherſes had withdrawn almoſt half of his aſſiſtants, and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onſet is ſo ſudden, that the friends of the dead ſuitors could not have time to embody; beſides it appears, from the ſixteenth Odyſſey, that of the whole band of ſuitors, twelve only were Ithacans, the reſt came from the adjacent iſlands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to aſſiſt Eupithes, and conſequently this party conſiſted ſolely of Ithacans, and were not perhaps greatly ſuperior to Ulyſſes. This

Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms Laertes ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended maid:
The ſuff'ring hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſt.
  Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the ſight)
The brave embattel'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living, and the dead.
  Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſt.
  So ſpoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And, bleſt! thrice bleſt this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair virtue, and conteſt for fame!
  Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, rev'rend warrior, hear!

obſervation likewiſe furniſhes us with a reaſon why the enemy was ſo eaſily defeated, by ſo ſmall a body of men as engaged for Ulyſſes.

Jove and Jove's daughter firſt implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air.
 She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And whirling high, diſmiſt the lance in air.
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear:
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
 Before the father and the conqu'ring ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to ſpare.
 Fear ſhook the nations. At the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confus'dly fly.

ỳ. 606. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear.*] Euſtathius calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of Ulyſſes. The ſon of Antinous is ſlain by the ſon of Laertes, and the father of Antinous by the father of Ulyſſes. We now ſee Ulyſſes happy in his wife, his ſon, and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his ſubjects ſubmitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now complete, and terminates with the Odyſſey.

With dreadful fhouts Ulyffes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ftrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva fhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ftopt the goddefs, trembled, and retir'd.

Defcended from the gods! Ulyffes, ceafe;
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.

So Pallas fpoke: The mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-feed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
" And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ỳ. 630. ——— *The virgin-feed of Jove,*
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord.] The meaning of the paffage is no more than this, when ftript of its poetical ornaments: Mentor, a perfon of great wifdom, acts as a mediator between the king and his fubjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with facrifices to the gods; this being an act of wifdom, poetry afcribes it to Minerva.

I muft obferve with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyffey: to honour his hero, he introduces two deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who intereft themfelves in his caufe: he then paints Ulyffes in the boldeft colours, as he rufhes upon the enemy with the utmoft intrepidity, and his courage is fo ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to reftrain it with his thunder. It is ufual for orators to referve the ftrongeft arguments for the conclufion, that they may leave them frefh upon the reader's memory; Homer ufes the fame conduct, he reprefents his hero in all his terror, he fhews him to be irrefiftible, and by this method leaves us fully poffeft with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerved, that the end of the action of the Odyſſey is the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in full peace and tranquility, this is not effected, till the defeat of the ſuitors friends: and therefore if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyſſey had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the reader ſhould not only be informed of the return of Ulyſſes to his country, and the puniſhment of the ſuitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders raiſed by Eupithes are ſettled by the victory of Ulyſſes, and therefore this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. Monſieur Dacier upon Ariſtotle remarks, that an epic poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: if we loſe the idea of the beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length deſtroys its beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyſſey are comformable to this rule of Ariſtotle, and every one of thoſe poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyſſey, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: all writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowlege it. I have ſometimes uſed madam Dacier as ſhe has done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her remarks without particulariſing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, ei-

ther in these, or in my part of the translation, (namely in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction. The most experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school? when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude, without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as his name shall cause mine to last! and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inscription memorial of it!

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'TIS thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy lawrels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd in burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rowls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle greezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who ſhades the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.

Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long ‡ that hero, by unſkilful hands,
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands!

‡ Odyſſey, lib. 16.

Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old-age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Maeonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.

This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

POSTSCRIPT.

By Mr. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and stile of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts, of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

> *Qui didicit*, patriae *quid debeat, et quid* amicis,
> *Quo sit amore* parens, *quo* frater *amandus, et* hospes:
> *Qui quid sit* pulchrum, *quid* turpe, *quid* utile, *quid* non,
> *Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.*

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *moral, subject, manner*, and *stile*; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus

ſeems not wholly free from it. Although what he has ſaid, has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

" The Odyſſey, ſays he, is an inſtance, how natu-
" ral it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old
" and decline, to delight itſelf in narations and fables.
" For, that Homer compoſed the Odyſſey after the
" Iliad, many proofs may be given, *etc.* From hence,
" in my judgment, it proceeds, that as the Iliad was
" written while his ſpirit was in its greateſt vigour,
" the whole ſtructure of that work is dramatic and full
" of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyſſey
" is employed in narration, which is the taſte of old-
" age: ſo that in this latter piece we may compare
" him to the ſetting ſun, which has ſtill the ſame great-
" neſs, but not the ſame ardor, or force. He ſpeaks
" not in the ſame ſtrain; we ſee no more that ſublime
" of the Iliad which marches on with a conſtant
" pace, without ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there
" appears no more that hurry, and that ſtrong tide of
" motions and paſſions, pouring one after another:
" there is no more the ſame fury, or the ſame volubi-
" lity of diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along
" drawing in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But
" Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when
" he ebbs and retires; even when he is loweſt and
" loſes himſelf moſt in narrations and incredible ficti-
" ons: as inſtances of this, we cannot forget the de-
" ſcriptions of tempeſts, the adventures of Ulyſſes with
" the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this
" be age, it is the age of Homer —— And it may be
" ſaid, for the credit of theſe fictions, that they are
" *beautiful dreams*, or, if you will, the *dreams of Ju-*
" *piter himſelf.* I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only, to ſhow,
" that the greateſt poets, when their genius wants

"ſtrength and warmth for the pathetic, for the moſt "part employ themſelves in painting the manners. "This Homer has done, in characterizing the ſuitors, "and deſcribing their way of life; which is properly a "branch of comedy, whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to "repreſent the manners of men."

We muſt, firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which Longinus is writing: That, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice, and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully, in theſe points, accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſterpiece as the Iliad.

The amount of this paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the Sublime, Lon-

ginus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old-age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For, had he, as madam Dacier observes, composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents, and the same pomp of stile as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the school of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that Horace gives the preference, in the epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he

chuſes to extoll, are thoſe very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners* which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points, and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the epic poem, the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the Moral. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the Fable is alſo what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this poem than of the other in the the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the Telemachus. In the Manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the Narrations, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old-age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of Phoenix in the ninth book, and of Neſtor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters) thoſe of Glaucus in the ſixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtile, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as

bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the Sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts, from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey, as I have before ſaid, ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure Homer becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a gardiner who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this poem was *partly of the nature of comedy*, ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulyſſes there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypſo, though a goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phaeacians are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the

comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we ſhall form an idea of the Stile. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always clothed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription even of a low action. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and perhaps thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in Hiſtory, where the repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to *little circumſtances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged, by the nature of his ſubject, to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtile would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors, to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtile on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative ſtile without being ridiculous; but *things natural* can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the Georgics; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The Bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the *true ſublime* of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock-epic. It is ſo far from being the Sublime of tragedy, that it is the cauſe of all bombaſt; when poets, inſtead of being, as they imagine, conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not ſpeaking, but vociferating.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtile in epic poeſy than in tragic, to diſtinguiſh between that *language of the gods* proper to the muſe who ſings, and is inſpired; and that of *men* who are introduced ſpeak-

ing only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ſtile obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation, or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtile. The writers of tragedy ly under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demoſthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thoſe of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtile of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The ſublime ſtile is more eaſily counterfeited than the natural; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds

like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of ſtile) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs without any defects in the reſt, nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs invention, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs judgment, in proportioning the ſtile and the verſification to theſe than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the Sublime are derived, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple narrative its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his tranſlator, I can affirm, (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad; he will, and he ought to be diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had be an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt Homer, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allowed, that there is a majeſty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve, that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince Homer's time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe: and if the words we

could find in any preſent language were equally ſono-rous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a tranſlator, from a different cauſe: Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an hiſtorian, antiquary, divine, and profeſſor of arts and ſciences; as well as a poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful tranſlator, who, in ſome meaſure, takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſolemnize theſe plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end, of the ſtile of Milton. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality requiſite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtile judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road muſt be as good, as the way is antient; the ſtile muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions: no man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like moſt

other imitators, are not copies but caricaturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, *etc.* than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtile better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions, and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured, contrary to the practice of all other epic poets, to imitate Homer's loweſſes in the narrative, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the dramatic parts: ſince in his ſpeeches, where clearneſs above all is neceſſary, there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtile in the preſent tranſlation, great pains has been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen, who joined with me, ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and

correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most antient of poets, with some dignity; and, I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem *.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Ho-

* Second edition, Paris, 1719.

mer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek, and in Eustathius. She challenges, on this account, a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and, I hope, that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms, that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious, or more unjust, than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment past by so great a critic? the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who, even in matters of literature, is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so must accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be byassed?

All this however has happened, and madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had

the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where monſieur de la Motte preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome French authors have loaded him, and from which even madam Dacier's tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him!

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowlege of our Iſland-tongue was as neceſſary to madam Dacier, in my caſe, as the knowlege of Greek was to monſieur de la Motte, in that of our great author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtiles *blind cenſurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand!

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe, from that faulty tranſlation of part of my preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of Homer's even from the tranſlation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than, to uſe her own phraſe, to *combate two or three ſimiles*; and, I hope, that to combate a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimiles taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator: or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which taken by themſelves likewiſe, may, to the ſame perſon, have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes, and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and

if madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay more than once the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, on ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as madam Dacier herſelf in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like a heretic: he will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer *opinions*, and ſhe delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination repreſents Homer as the greateſt of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer againſt me, who, if I miſtake not, had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimiles, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better, the leſs they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification. I confeſs that in my own opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherways in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting,

or, if you will, ſtealing *her* ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have ſaid *her words*, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her; though I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in Euſtathius, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark, only that in the firſt part of it madam Dacier is diſpleaſed that I do not agree with her, and in the laſt that I do; but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould over-look in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh. "Homer, I ſaid, opened a new and boundleſs walk "for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf "in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, *Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If Homer was not the firſt, who "introduced the deities, as Herodotus imagines, into "the religion of Greece, he ſeems the firſt who brought "them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſawcy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and

though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own that to quote any author for what he never ſaid is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe. "As there is a greater variety of chara-"cters in the Iliad than in any other poem, ſo there is "of ſpeeches. Every thing in it has manners, as "Ariſtotle expreſſes it; that is, every thing is acted "or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every thing which is acted or ſpoken "has not neceſſarily manners merely becauſe it is act-"ed or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? if not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners: ſince Homer has been proved before in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has "manners, as Ariſtotle calls them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the Phyſician §. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded, to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by

§ Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. pag. 467.

their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Il. 6. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer!

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to holy ſcripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved, that the loudeſt huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe

† De la Corruption du Gout.

remarks, madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of "correcting Homer, and consequently of re-"forming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and, old as they both are, we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

THE END.

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